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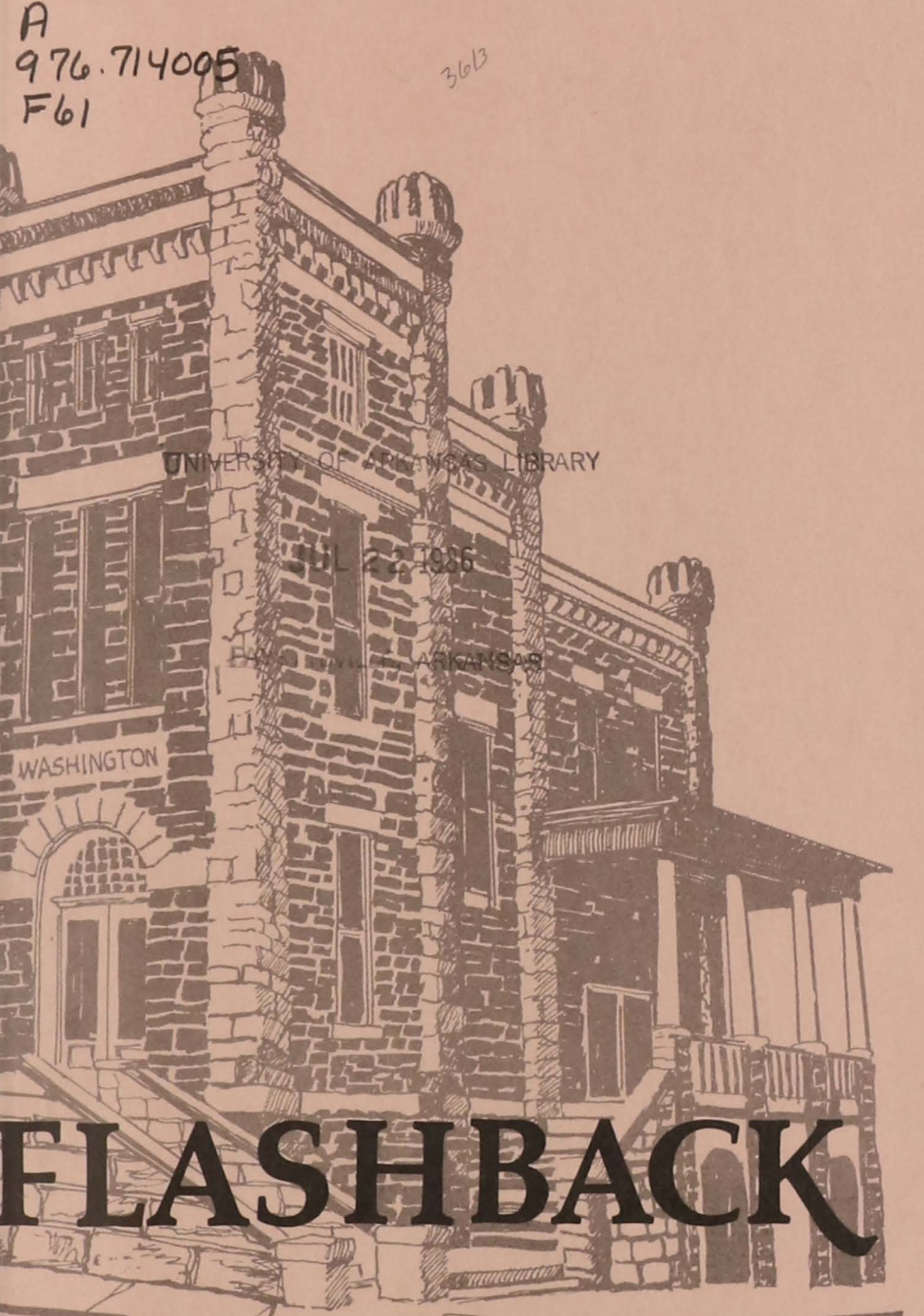

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FLASHBACK

Preserving the Past for the Future

August, 1986
Washington County Historical Society

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FLASHBACK

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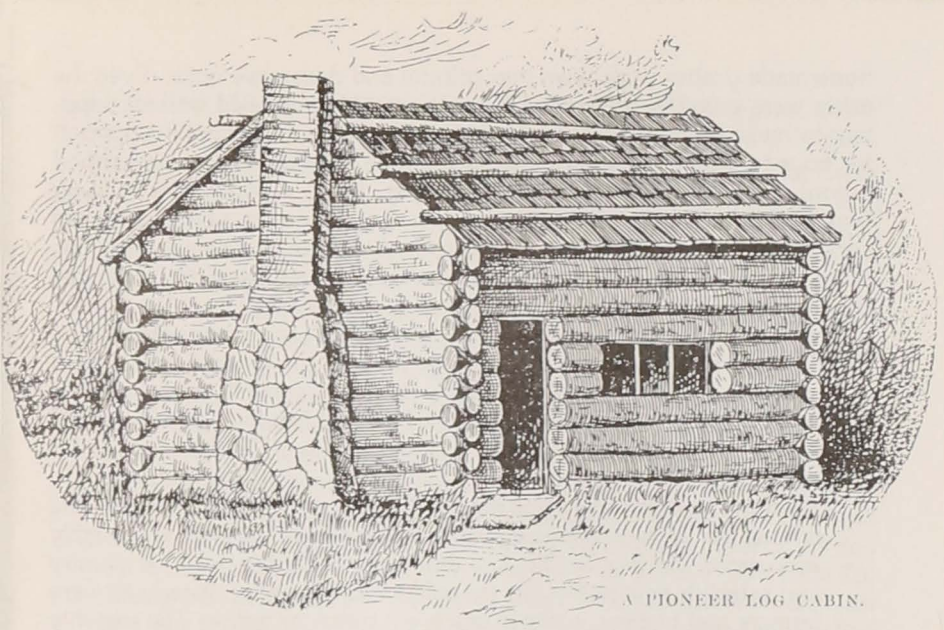


A PIONEER LOG CABIN.

RICHARD BURGESS - PIONEER

by Mrs. Bobby G. Wilson

Woven into the sturdy tapestry of this Burgess family history are the colorful threads of many of the other early pioneer families of northwest Arkansas, such as Brickeys, Browns, Gibsons, Hastings, Hollands, Wilsons and many others. Cicero said long ago, "Not to know what has been transacted in former times is to be always a child — if no use is made of the labors of past ages, the world must remain always in the infancy of knowledge". Therefore, we have attempted to understand the lives of our forebears.

Some people study genealogy to find proof they have rich or famous ancestors like William the Conqueror or George Washington, but in truth the vast majority of us descend from humble, ordinary folk who had an extraordinary determination to survive hardships. Most of our ancestors were hard working, Godfearing, family oriented people who not only took care of their own family, but were equally willing to help their neighbor when needed. Indeed, it is hard to imagine how they could have endured such extreme hardships without the support of neighbors, whether it was building a log cabin or barn, harvesting a crop by hand, butchering hogs, sitting with the sick, or digging a grave. Exchanging work and active Christian friendship was an ingrained way of life for our pioneer ancestors.

Many of the first generation of settlers in northwestern Arkansas could not read or even sign their names to legal papers. By the time a child was old enough for school, he or she was also old enough to help with the endless tasks of growing and producing nearly everything the early pioneers ate, wore, lived in, or worked with. Nothing was wasted. Scraps from

homemade clothes were sewn into colorful and decorative quilts. Even the ashes were saved, from which lye was extracted and boiled with fat drippings to make homemade soap. Early in this century, it was not uncommon for boys to attend a few years of elementary education at neighborhood school only in the coldest months of winter. Since most families lived on farms, all hands were needed at home during the growing and harvesting seasons. Each household was mostly self-sufficient in the last century. This wasn't all bad when one realizes how helpless we are when the electricity goes off or a truck strike affects our local supermarket!

The first and most comprehensive history on our region was published by the Goodspeed Company in 1889. Then some of the original settlers from the 1830s, and many of their children, were still living to tell their stories. At the time this book was published, the land west of Benton County was still called "Indian Territory". In 1907 it became the state of Oklahoma. Page 26 in Goodspeed tells us:

> Many (of the first citizens of Benton County) were descendants of the first settlers of the states from whence they came, and were thoroughly acquainted with pioneer life, and thus well qualified to open the country and establish new homes on the wild western frontier. Nearly all were farmers and hunters, without much education or polish. The majority were poor and they never became wealthy. There were no gentlemen of leisure, all had duties to perform, and though they were a little rough, uncouth and unpolished, they were free and hearty, generous and hospitable, and on the whole just the right kind of people to brave the storms, subdue the wilderness, and press forward the line of civilizations.

One of these honest, hard working, salt-of-the-earth pioneers was Richard Burgess. He was born 21 March 1782 in North Carolina. (At present, proof is lacking of his parents, but his father is believed to be Richard Burgess, born 1762 at Anne Arundel County, MD.) Richard and William Burgess, mostly likely brothers, owned land jointly, just south of Shelbyville in Bedford County, TN, before William died there in 1835 and his widow Wilsey married John Baker. It was probably Richard's spinster sister Hannah Burgess, age 51, so born ca 1799 NC, who was living with his daughter Mary Hastings in Benton County at the time of the 1850 census.

On 2 October 1810 Richard Burgess married Elizabeth "Betsy" Hall, in Morgan District, Burke County, NC, which was formed from Rowan County in 1777. She was born 6 January 1792 NC. By 1813 they had moved to Bedford County, TN. Richard enlisted as a volunteer on 18 December 1813 at Shelbyville, TN for service in "The War of the United States against Great Britain and the Creek Indians, Declared in 1812". He was a Second Sergeant under Captain James Harris, and for a time also served in Lt. Isaac Barrett's consolidated company of infantry of the Battalion of West Tennessee Militia, under command of Captain Nathan Davis (Davis' Battalion). After that he was attached to the 2nd Regiment of the U.S. Infantry, commanded by Col. Cheatham. He served three months and 28 days at $11 per month, and was honorably discharged 14 April 1814, being owed $41.26 for his service. A paper from National Archives indicates he had not

been paid by 11 July 1815 when he authorized Read Washington, an attorney in Davidson Co., TN to recover money owed him by the U.S. govt.

Richard and Elizabeth Burgess had ten children, born in the Flat Creek area of southeastern Bedford County, TN. It was probably cheap land which could be homesteaded or purchased for $1.25 an acre that lured families to pull up roots, head west into unknown dangers to start all over. According to page 23 in Goodspeed:

> In 1839 Richard Burgess and his family, including W.W. Burgess who now lives at Springtown, came from Bedford County, TN and settled on Lick Branch, near the Osage, where Ed Maxwell now lives. (This should read "Maxfield".) The same year Walter Thornberry and his son-in-law David Brickey came from Virginia, and John Edwards from Tennessee, and settled on the same branch. In the fall of 1840 Archey (Archelous) Wilson and his brother Samuel, also from Bedford County, TN, settled in the Burgess neighborhood. David Brickey was a famous hunter, and on the first night after the arrival of the Burgesses, he and W.W. Burgess went out and shot and killed six turkeys. (On page 26) Living with his family in the covered wagon, the newcomer would clear the spot for the new house (log cabin). The first two or three settlers had to erect their own, with the assistance of their families — usually at a spring or creek.

Then the work started of clearing trees from a few acres a year, for a corn crop, and the slow job of constructing a split rail fence around the field. The Burgess farm consisted of two hundred acres in parts of Sections 17 and 20 of Township 18, Range, 31 in Benton County, AR. As respected citizens of their community, Richard Burgess, his son-in-law Archelous Wilson, and John Smith were appointed Commissioners to help settle an early land dispute. Several of the older children had married in Arkansas before their-pioneer mother Elizabeth Burgess died at age 56 years, ten months, on 15 November 1848, when their youngest child was ten years old. She was buried at Thornsberry Cemetery in Washington County, a short distance south of their farm.

Apparently in 1850 Congress decided to give bounty land to its war veterans. A paper from the National Archives, dated 13 February 1851, declared that Richard Burgess of Benton County was about 68 years of age, and stated his service in the War of 1812. On 1 May 1852 he obtained Military Warrant •45985, giving him land. After another Act of Congress in 1855 entitled "An Act in Addition to Certain Acts Granting Bounty Land to Certain Officers and Soldiers Who Have Been Engaged in the Military Service of the United States", Richard applied again on 30 March 1855, at age 73, stating "the forty acre bounty land warrant is the only bounty land warrant I ever received from the United States for military service".

In 1860, Richard was listed on the agricultural census as living in the Anderson Township, address Osage Mills Post Office. At that time, Richard's unmarried daughter lived with him, as well as a married daughter and her husband to help with the work. The census gives us an idea of their farming operation: 60 improved acres, 140 unimproved acres, cash value

of farm $1,500, value of implements $60, 3 horses, 4 "milch" cows, 8 other cattle, 13 sheep, 40 swine, value livestock $500, 175 bushels wheat, 20 bushels rye, 1,000 bushels Indian corn, 30 pounds wool, 50 gallons molasses, 100 pounds butter (a year), 20 bushels sweet potatoes. Amounts of Irish potatoes and value of animals slaughtered for home use was illegible. This list represents a great deal of hard work.

On 15 April 1861 Richard Burgess' labors ceased, and he was laid to rest beside his wife at Thornsberry Cemetery. A bill of goods, purchased on account 13 April 1861 at Smith & Pearce, is included among Richard's probate records at the Bentonville courthouse. The list contains 7 yards Irish linen, one pair pants $6, one alpaca coat $4, shirt and collar $2.25, and a silk vest and cravat (tie) $7, which sounds like the respected pioneer was given a dignified burial. The earliest marked birth date at Thornsberry Cemetery is that of Richard Burgess — 1782.

One must sympathize with Richard's administrator, his son William, since this was on the eve of the Civil War, in which William served. William held an auction of the personal property of the deceased, and duly filed that amount as $632.43 on 26 June 1861, also reporting his expenses:

1 day obtaining Letters of Administration	$1
2 days getting property for view and appraisement	$2
3 Appraisers at $1 each	$3
2 days getting cattle and hogs up for sale	$2
Paid Clerk	$1
Paid Crier of Sale	$2
6 days measuring corn and delivering property sold	$6
20 days engaged in finishing up the crop in hand at the time of deceased's death, furnishing my own horse, tools, board, etc. at $1.50 per day	$30
Paid W.J. Howard	$5

Benton County Probate Book A skips from January 1862 to October 1865, since the war disrupted all usual practices, but at least the early records were not burned by Union soldiers, as was the case in so many southern towns.

Pages 92 and 93 in Goodspeed help us understand the devastations of the Civil War in northwest Arkansas:

> From the date of the battle of Pea Ridge to the close of the war, Benton County was alternately possessed, overrun and devastated by the opposing armies. Provisions, crops, and other property was appropriated for the use of the troops; houses were pillaged and burned, and fences (split rail) on many farms, especially in the vicinity of the soldiers' camps, were entirely consumed for fuel. Good dry rails burned so much easier than green wood, made better fires, and saved the labor of chopping. Many citizens were wantonly killed, some for their money, and others for no cause whatever. Some were even tortured with fire to compel them to give up their money, or tell where it was concealed. The taking of provisions, horses and other animals for the use of the armies, and the burning of rails for fuel was authorized by the officers of

both; but the burning of buildings, with but few exceptions, if any, the killing of defenseless citizens, and the torturing of others for the purpose of robbery, were not authorized by the officers, unless by some inferior subordinates of either army. War gives an excellent opportunity for thieves and robbers to practice their fiendish profession, and on the occasion of the late war this class of men armed themselves and organized as bandits, and scoured the country, stealing, plundering, burning and murdering as they went. To the bushwackers the greatest atrocities were chargeable. Of the depredations generally authorized by the "usages of war", the Federal army is undoubtedly chargeable with the greater portion in Benton County, as the citizens were not generally in sympathy with it, while they were in sympathy with the Confederate army, hence the reason. There were bad men in both armies, who committed many misdeeds, for which neither could be held responsible.

When the terrible war finally ended in 1865, the guns were retired to forked branches nailed above doorways. People began the struggle to get back to normal living. William W. Burgess went about the business of settling his father's estate. One probate paper explains that, "The farm and improvements were all destroyed by the ravages of war". Further complications were evident: "Reports and notes of said sale have been lost and destroyed. Your petitioner prays to be authorized to proceed with Administration, and reestablish said notes, and to perform all other matters necessary, as if no interference in Administration had taken place on consequence of the war". He asked the court to grant him "an order to have the fencing restored before the time arrives for next years renting, which he deems to the advantage of the estate and the value of the lands". He further reported that "all notes due said estate have been lost and destroyed". He asked credit for the following debts he remembered, as Desperate Claims, in July 1868 Account Current:

Jesse Collins & Will Brown	$43.40
Joseph Cartwright	$20.40
Daniel McCurdy	$20.00
John Lawson & J. Brickey	$25.00
Jas. Baker and J. Brickey	$6.00
W.M. Brown (Richard's son-in-law)	$100.00
W. Brown	$70.00
John Brickey (another son-in-law)	$70.00
Mitchell Edward paid in Confederate money	$5.00
Jas. Kerby paid in Confederate money	$25.00
	$384.80

The 1868 Probate Court ordered W.W. Burgess to get new notes for all notes lost or destroyed during the war. The July 1872 term of Probate Court reported, "After advertising certain Desperate Claims, offered for sale 13 July 1872 at Richardson Store, there were no bidders." Before the war, Richard's son-in-law J.J. Gibson (who appeared to be an informal neighborhood "banker") purchased the interest or hardship claims of some of the heirs of the Richard Burgess land. After the war, Gibson's widow,

with two young children, bought her siblings' shares of their father's land.

So, eleven long years after Richard Burgess' death, the estate was finally settled, and William was discharged as Administrator. Benton County Probate Book C, page 370, states that at his death Richard had ten children. They are believed to be: Sarah Minerva, Eliza, William W., Mary "Polly", Elizabeth Ann, John, Susan Jane, Elvira, Vilcy Harriet, and Hannah Madeline. The purchases of the heirs were all recorded in Benton County deed records with the exception of one child. Eliza, who married Lemial Phillips, is believed to be one of Richard's children, and is therefore included in the list. The possibility that she received some sort of pre-inheritance financial assistance may explain why she did not appear to share in Richard's estate.

Having complete listings of all branches of a family is desirable. Limited by accessibility and time, we chose to publish what has taken many years to gather. We hope this will serve to show the connections of these families and that more knowledge may come to light as a result.

I. SARAH MINERVA

The oldest known child of Richard and Elizabeth Burgess was Sarah Minerva, born 25 September 1812 (probably in Bedford County) TN. About 1833 in TN she married Archelous Wilson who was born 6 August 1806 NC. They had several children born in TN before moving to Benton County, AR in the fall of 1840. Their farm was on Lick Branch, southwest of Healing Springs. They endured the hardships of the Civil War, in which at least three sons fought, and one lost his life. Probate papers in the Bentonville courthouse show that Minerva helped shoulder the responsibility of looking after her unmarried sister Elvira, after the father died. Archelous Wilson died 11 July 1889 and a month later, on 28 August 1889, Minerva rejoined him. Both were buried at Thornsberry Cemetery. A writeup of this Wilson family was published in the 1980 Spring issue of Benton County Historical Society PIONEER, although there are some printing errors.

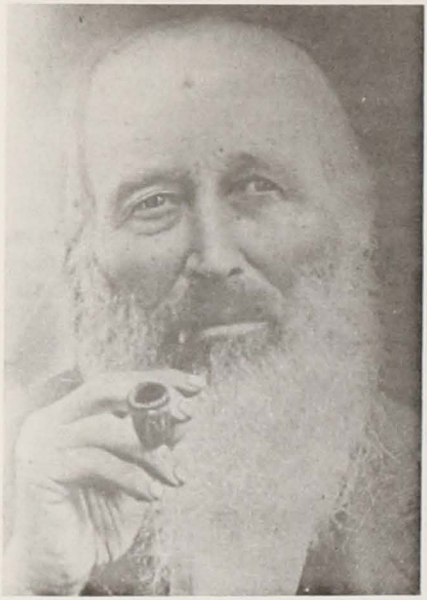
Wilson children:

(1) Richard Alfred, b. 14 August 1834 TN, m. in AR Martha E. "Tide" Wilson whose parents James and Nancy (Noblett) Wilson were from SC. Richard served in the Confederate army. Tide died between 1880-1900 and was buried in an unmarked grave in the Backbone or Stansfield Cemetery on the old road to Wager. Richard died 19 May 1914 and was buried at the Yell Cemetery at Robinson, AR. Their children were: James Mart 1856 or 7; William Arch 1859 (grandfather of compiler's husband); Elijah D. "Lige" 1861; John 1864, died young; Richard Wilson, Jr. 1865.

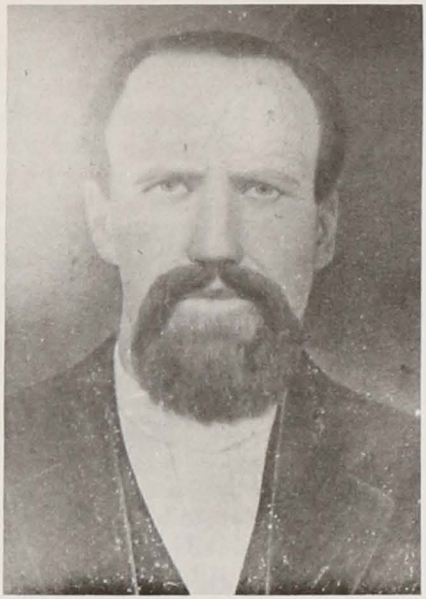
(2) John H. Wilson, b. 12 February 1836 TN, m. Sarah and had one daughter Caledonia C., 1869, who m. R.J. McGaugh. John was killed in the Civil War 27 May 1864 and was buried at Thornsberry. By 1870 Sarah had m. Elijah Garrett in Benton County.

(3) Martin V. Wilson, b. ca 1839 TN, also served in Civil War, m. Mary J. Ellis 4 July 1870 and moved to TX.

(4) Elizabeth Jane, b. April 1841 AR, m. Andrew J. Edwards b. October 1834 TN. They bought out the other heirs of Archelous Wilson's land. Of



Richard Alfred Wilson, son of Sarah Minerva (Burgess) and Archelous Wilson



Samuel Smith Wilson, son of Sarah Minerva and Archelous Wilson

eight children, seven were living in 1900: John, Jim, Viola, Olas 1867, Rhoda E. 1874, Carrie B. 1881 and Archie M. 1884.

(5) Sarah H., b. 18 August 1843 AR, m. 7 March 1867 Frances Marion Parker, b. 14 November 1842 TN, "nephew of Judge Isaac Parker of Fort Smith" for whom he was a deputy. F.M. and Sarah's farm was next to the Vaughn, AR cemetery where they are buried. Children: Thomas H. 1869; Rose Lee Moser 1872; Ica Ladora 1873; Susan D. Smith 1875; Marion Cal 1878; Hugh A.D. 1880; and Nancy C. Smith 1883.

(6) Nancy, b. 29 October 1845, m. at Osage Mills 26 March 1867 G.W. "Wash" Gambill, son of John and Unity Gambill. Wash d. 1928 and she in 1936, both being buried in Oakley Chapel Cemetery west of Rogers. Children: Nola Murdock 1868; Bertha Pursell 1870; John Walter 1872; and Braxton Wilson Gambill 1880.

(7) Susan Melissa Wilson, ca 1846, d. young.

(8) Archibald Yell "Pete" Wilson, b. 18 December 1849 AR, m. 13 November 1875 Lillie Dale Haxton in a triple wedding with her brother and sister, children of William Bennett and Margaret (Foote) Haxton, who had a woolen mill at Springdale. In 1895 Pete and Lillie moved to Cherryvale, then Kingman, KS, where he d. 10 May 1920. She d. 22 May 1956. Children: Eva May Cato 1876; Clara Alice Parnell 1878; Minnie Maude Grubbs 1881; A.Y. Jr., d. young; William Thomas 1885-1888 (both these boys buried at Thornsberry); James Edgar 1887; Pearl Lee Ledgerwood 1890; Clifford Earl 1893; Florence Nettie Packe 1896; and Walter Glen Wilson 1900.

(9) Samuel Smith Wilson, b. 7 March 1852 AR, m. 24 December 1874

Mary Ellen Mize, daughter of Logan and Liza (Ping) Mize. Samuel d. 31 October 1913 and Mary 10 June 1935, both buried Douglas Cemetery near Highfill, AR. Children: Cora Ellen Sikes 1876; James Henry 1878; Elijah H. 1881; Archey B. 1884; William Riley 1887; John Walter 1890; Robert Sanford 1893; Nannie Kathleen Sullivan 1895; and Philo Wilson 1897.

(10) James A. Wilson, b. 14 April 1855, d. 1934, unmarried.

II. ELIZA

Eliza is thought to be the second child of Richard and Elizabeth Burgess. Although no transaction was located of her share of Richard's estate being purchased, as with all the others, she may have received a pre-inheritance settlement at an earlier date. She was born 15 December 1813 TN, where she married Lemial Phillips. He was born ca 1800 in Bedford County, TN, son of Soloman Phillips, and came to northwest Arkansas ca 1839. He died July 1870 and she on 1 March 1896, and both were buried at Bethel Cemetery, south of Gravette, AR. A great-granddaughter, Mrs. John W. Burns of Ponca City, OK provided information on this family.

Phillips children:

(1) Sarah "Sally" Tauflemire 1832 TN.

(2) Priscilla Morgan b. 23 Dec. 1835 TN, d. 1917, buried Bethel Cem.

(3) Mary Jane 1839 AR.

(4) John 1839 AR, died Civil War.

(5) William 1841, AR. d. Civil War.

(6) James Clark 1843 AR, d. Civil War.

(7) Hannah Ann Beam 1847 AR.

(8) Caroline E. Fields 1849 AR.

(9) Eliza Ward b. 21 April 1852 AR, d. 5 Sept. 1882, buried at Bethel.

(10) Benjamin Carse Phillips b. 18 January 1855 AR, m. 15 February 1877 AR Marguerite Jane Hastings b. 23 February 1862, daughter of A.Y. Hastings. B.C. died 14 February 1932 and she on 26 June 1937, having celebrated their Golden Wedding in 1927. Both buried at Bethel. Children: Delilah Evans Collier 1878; Lemial C. "Kit" 1880 m. Mary Kate Rogers; Thomas Oscar 1883; Mack Rogers Phillips 1888, m. Bessie Logum Rodgers (parents of Mrs. Burns); Henry Elber 1889, m. Pansy Johnson; Florence Edna 1892, m. Jim C. Patton; Myrtle Esther 1894, m. Virgil C. Fields; Mamie Maree 1896, m. James L. Hager; James Hastings 1898, m. Margaret Steplin; Vestal Hughes "Stoney" 1901, m. Grace Zimmerman; and Yell Austin "Buck" Phillips 1903, m. Toru Wilson.

(11) Lemial "Doc" 1860 AR, m. Elizabeth Thompson.

(12) Lee Phillips 1862 AR, m. Lee Boyd 23 December 1884 AR, and moved to Spokane WA.

III. WILLIAM W. BURGESS

William W. was born 27 November 1819 in Bedford County, TN and came with his parents to AR in 1839. He related a story about riding an ox to school the next year, where Walter Thornsberry was his teacher, on page 122 of Goodspeed's 1889 history. As previously mentioned, he shot some wild turkeys for food shortly after arrival in northwest Arkansas. "On one occasion in 1840, a band of Indians encamped on Flint Creek, about a mile

above the present site of Springtown. After committing some thefts, a body of armed citizens met to drive them out, peacefully or otherwise. W.W. Burgess, now Springtown, was in the party, and on their way he killed a deer near the site of Springtown and threw it into the big spring there to keep it cool until their return. Arriving near the Indian camp, the citizens notified them to leave instantly, which they did, and thus all further trouble on that occasion was avoided. Aside from killing a few hogs and committing some petty thefts, the early settlers of Benton County were not molested by the Indians." Maybe this early adventure led him to live near Springtown later. On 11 February 1842 in Barry County, MO he married Melvina F. Rogers, born in February 1821 in Tn. William's administration of his father's estate was interrupted by the Civil War, in which he served as a private in the Cherokee General Stand Watie's Brigade, Cooper Division (according to a record of an 1891 reunion he attended at age 72). William died 9 August 1900, ending a marriage of almost 60 years. His wife died 1905, and both are buried at Coffelt Cemetery, southwest of Centerton, AR. Children's names were obtained from census records:

(1) Mary 1843, married a Mr. Sanders but was a widow by age 47 in 1900, with one child living, and was listed at the home of her aged parents, no doubt to help them.

(2) Martha 1846.

(3) Hazel Abigail 1847.

(4) Manerva J. 1849.

(5) Nancy Adaline 1851. (Statistics can reveal heartbreak. The 1880 census lists both Abigail and Adaline as blind and still with their parents in 1900, so they apparently never married.)

(6) Joseph 1854.

(7) William 1856.

(8) Richard 1858.

(9) George 1861.

The relationship is unknown for this item from 24 March 1922 Springdale NEWS: "John Burgess, who formerly resided in the Springtown, Benton County neighborhood, was killed recently at his home near Stilwell, OK by a neighbor named Carter. The killing was the result of a dispute over a partition fence, it is reported."

IV. **MARY ANN**

"Polly" Burgess was born 8 December 1821 TN, and came to Arkansas in 1839. About 1841 she married William C. Hastings, b. 10 April 1820 Bedford County, TN, son of Henry C. and Mary (Word) Hastings. Henry was b. 1793 NC and d. 1876 Benton County, AR; and Mary 1800-1874. On the 1860 census the younger Hastings lived in Walnut Township, Benton County. Information on this family was provided by Glen R. Hastings, a retired teacher at Lawton, OK. His grandmother considered Polly an extraordinary person, who is remembered baking enough light bread for the entire community, making apple cinnamon jelly, and cracking pecans with her rocking chair. Polly died 8 January 1893 and William 28 February 1895. Both they and their daughter Nancy were buried in a small family cemetery in a field three-quarters of a mile north of the Gentry post office and one-quarter of a mile west.

The Hastings children:

(1) Henry Wilson, b. 1842 AR.

(2) Richard Templeton "Temp", b. 17 February 1846 AR, m. Nancy Melissa Camp, b. 27 November 1846. He d. 1925 and she 1938, both buried at Lawton, OK. Their children, all born Benton County, AR: Olla Franklin 1869 (grandfather of our informant); Alice "Jay" Carl 1872; Anna Hastings Jesse 1875; Bertha Peters (no date); Henry C. 1881; Richard Calvin Dee 1877; Bethel Hastings Pemberton 1892; and Robert G. Hastings 1886, d. young.

(3) Sarah Jane, b. 1848, m. 16 February 1871 William J. Parker.

(4) Sophia E. 185-, m. 15 September 1878 Jim Edwards.

(5) Ann Belle 1854, m. 18 January 1874 Leonardus Parker (brother of William)

(6) Nancy M. Hastings, b. and d. 1857.

The James Edwards, W.J. and Leonardus Parkers are buried in Flint Cemetery, Benton County.

V. **ELIZABETH ANN**

Elizabeth Ann Burgess was born ca 1823 TN. She married 25 December 1844 AR William Martin "Buck" Brown, b. 1822 TN, believed to be the son of Hezekiah and Elizabeth (Skidmore) Brown of VA, who moved from Bedford Co., TN to AR in 1836. Information on this family was supplied by Mrs. Doyle Stacy of Richardson, TX from listings recorded in 1938 by her mother's cousin, Co. Judge and lawyer Jesse Martin Brown. Buck and Elizabeth lived in Washington Co., AR at the time of the 1850 and 1860 census, with their growing family. Page 83 of Goodspeed mentions that Buck was a captain in the Confederate army. He was killed shortly before the war ended, on 16 March 1865, age 42, and was buried at Thornsberry Cemetery. In 1870 Elizabeth and children lived in Osage Township, Benton Co., AR and then moved to Lamar Co., Navarro Co., and finally Tarrant Co., TX.

The Brown children:

(1) James 1845, died in Civil War service.

(2) John ca 1846, d. young.

(3) Martin Francis 1848, also served in Civil War. He lived in TX and d. 1931.

(4) Richard Leander 1850.

(5) Jesse Franklin 1852.

(6) William Hobbs "Hob" 1854.

(7) Benjamin McCullough 1856, said to be "seventh son of a seventh son". He was the grandfather of Mrs. Stacy.

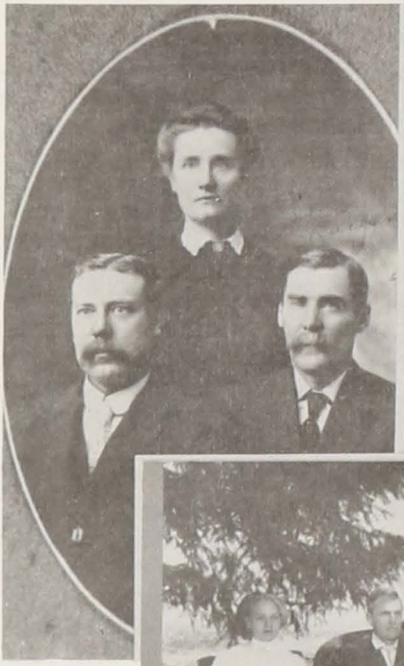
(8) Bettie Jane 1858, d. young.

(9) Mollie Price 1863, m. Mr. Brazelton. (The seventh and ninth children were given names of popular Confederate generals.)

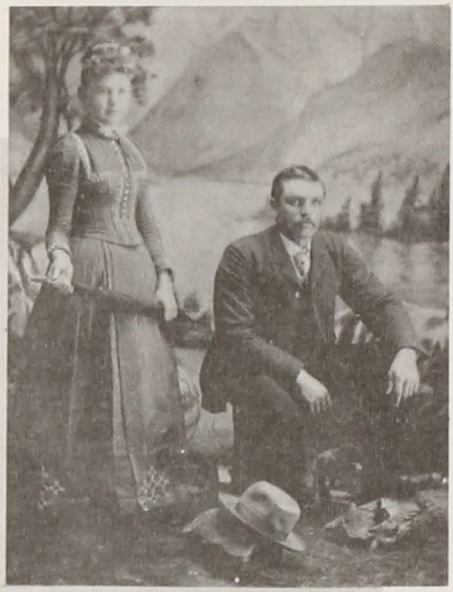
VI. **JOHN (WILLIAM?)**

John Burgess was born 14 September 1826 TN. He married in AR 1847 Mary Manerva Gass who was born 11 May 1830 Lincoln County, TN, daughter of Samuel and Priscilla Gass. Information on this family was pro-

Right, John Burgess, Jr., son of John (VI) with half brother, Enoch Knobb, and sister Mary Knobb Priester.



Nov. 1, 1891 Newlyweds Sara Margaret (Burgess) and Charles Thomas Snyder



Taken ca 1909 in Wash. State L. to R. Jennie M. Snyder, Anderson, Bridges, Chas. T. Snyder, father, Calvin T. Snyder, Sara Margaret Snyder, mother, granddaughter of VI John Burgess, Mark Snyder.

vided by Miss Bessie Priester of Springfield, MO (now deceased) and Mrs. Joseph L. Billy of Renton, WA. John and Mary Manerva had five children and lived in Wright County, MO where he died 14 September 1856 at age 30, and was buried at Shaddy Cemetery at Grovespring, MO. Ten years

later on 24 June 1866 Mary Manerva married (2nd) Henry Mark Knabb, b. 9 July 1836 Jackson County, IN, son of Jacob and Elizabeth (Parvin) Knabb. Henry served in Co. B, 8th MO Volunteer Cavalry in the Civil War. They had two children and he died 8 October 1889 and was buried at Steele Cemetery at Hartville, Wright County, MO. She died 11 April 1900 and was buried beside Henry. Children:

(1) William Burgess, b. 27 September 1849 TN, m. Ann Eliza Todd at Wright County, MO 30 October 1867. She was b. 6 February 1849 Washington County, AR daughter of Elijah Smith and Martha H. (Boyd) Todd, both from IN. William and Ann's children were born in MO and in February 1888 they moved to Washington Territory, the year before statehood. He died 6 October 1917 and she 30 October 1939, both buried at Puyallop Cemetery, Pierce County, WA. Children: Martha Minerva 1868, m. William Zenus Cooper and lived Peteros, WA; Nancy Jane 1870, m. John Taft; Mary Lucinda 1872 m. Gilmore Johnson; Sarah Margaret 1874 m. Charles Thomas Snyder, once Sheriff of Douglas Co., WA (their only daughter Jennie Mae is mother of Mrs. Billy); Malisa Catherine 1876, m. William Slack; John Henry 1879 MO, m. Ella Cox; and Omar Albert Burgess 1890 WA, m. Nellie Belle Beason.

(2) Samuel A. Burgess 1851 AR, d. 1854.

(3) Nancy Ann Burgess 1853 MO, d. 1854.

(4) John Burgess 17 August 1855 MO, d. 6 February 1929 Wright County, MO, m. Sarah Cavanaugh, b. 1854 MO. Burgess children: Jim 1874; Fannie Hughs; Mary Miller; Minnie Slack; and Albert Burgess.

(5) Betty Jane Burgess 1856-7 MO, d. 1880, buried near father.

(6) Enoch Knabb (from second marriage) b. 1 March 1867, Hartville, MO, m. 1885 Matilda Frances Davis, daughter of James and Mary (Foster) Davis. Enoch was a medical doctor (as were his two sons) at Springfield, MO where he was buried 1923. Children: Dr. Henry Folson Knabb 1887; Dr. Arthur Dolphe Knabb 1889 (two of his sons also became doctors); Verna 1891, and adopted Lela Phelps 1901.

(7) Mary Ann Knabb, b. 1 March 1871, Hartville, MO m. (1st) William Kilmer and had Roy M. 1892, m. (2nd) J.F. Priester and had Bessie b. 1900, a retired teacher who compiled her family history. She lived on the Mark Knabb farm between Grovespring and Hartville, Wright County, MO until 1968 when she sold it to the Univ. of MO. Bessie d. 10 Nov. 1984.

VII. **SUSAN JANE**

Susan Jane Burgess was b. 30 April 1831 TN and came to AR as a child. She first married John M. Brickey, b. 1828 VA, son of Jonathan and Nancy Brickey. John M.'s brother, David Brickey, "the famous hunter", married Mary "Polly", daughter of the elder Walter Thornsberry. David was killed at Wager by a falling tree he was helping cut down. John was dead by 1868.

Susan married second 5 July 1870 Sterling McAnally and they lived in Osage Township of Benton County. By the 1880 census, Susan was again a widow, living at Elm Springs in Washington County, with five children:

(1) Nancy Elizabeth "Nannie" Brickey b. 1855 AR and d. 1940, age 84,

at Cave Springs, AR, buried Thornsberry Cemetery. She was the second wife of Tom Holland (m. 1880), a widower with five children — Sarah, Walter, William, Corinna and Oscar Holland. Nannie and Tom had: Lon, Homer, Roy and Pearl McClure. A foster daughter, Mrs. Clara Smith, was listed in Nannie's obituary.

(2) John M. Brickey, Jr., b. ca 1858 AR (listed as "Resdon" on 1860 census) m. Fannie V. Abercrombie, and was living in Ojai, CA in 1940. Children: William S.; James H.; Rebecca; Mary S.; Walter; David L.; and Margaret Brickey.

(3) Sarah Brickey b. ca 1864 KS, m. James Fields.

(4) Mary P. Brickey b. 1865 KS, m. a Cunningham and lived in Kansas City, MO in 1940.

(5) Moses McAnally b. 1873 AR.

VIII. **ELVIRA**

Elvira Burgess was born 1834 TN, moved to AR with parents, and never married. Benton County, AR Probate Book c, page 370, provides us with the following information: George W. Gambill (son-in-law of Elvira's older sister Sarah Minerva Wilson) was appointed by court as legal guardian of Elvira Burgess, an insane person, in 1870 and petitioned the court to sell her interest in 200 acres of land owned by Richard Burgess at his death, and inherited by his ten children, said Elvira being one of them. Census records show the family took care of her in their homes, the last listing in 1900, at age 67, with her younger sister Hannah Maxfield.

IX. **VILCY (WILSEY ? OR MILLY ?) HARRIET**

Vilcy Burgess was born 1835 TN and married in AR Thomas M. Brown, possibly brother of "Buck" Brown. At the time of the 1860 census they were living with her aged father (listed as Richard **Barger** on census) to help with the farm work and also in looking after her sister Elvira. It is not known if he died in the Civil War and she remarried, or if they moved out of state, but they were found no more on local census listings.

X. **HANNAH MADELINE**

Hannah Madeline "Med" Burgess was born 19 December 1838 Bedford County, TN and the next year her parents moved to Benton County, AR. She was only ten years old when her mother died. Information on this line was obtained from Med's great-great-grandson, Lewis Kiehn of Dixon, CA, whose grandmother said that Med was a large-boned 5'10" tall woman, with long hair braided up, and very strong willed. The fact that as a Civil War widow she bought out her brothers' and sisters' shares of their father's land bears this out, and exemplifies the sturdy pioneer stock she descended from. In Benton County, AR, ca 1854, she first married Joseph James Gibson, born 1823 or 9 KY, son of William Gibson of Allen County? SC. Probate Box 1 of Benton County, AR contains a long list of promissory notes belonging to James Gibson before the Civil War, in which he appeared to be an informal neighborhood banker. This probably explains how Med was able to pay for her father's farm. James served in the First Arkansas Cavalry,

Gordon's Regiment, but was captured by Union forces in 1863, and died in the Gratiot Street Military Prison in St. Louis in 1864 or 5. After the war, on 17 February 1869 in Benton County, Med married (2nd) Joseph Edward "Ed" Maxfield (mistakenly called Maxwell in Goodspeed's), b. ca 1841 TN, and also served in the Confederate army. Med died 15 August 1925, age 86, and was buried at Thornsberry. The 1910 census states she was the mother of four children, with only two then living. (The 1880 census lists an adopted son Charley Tiscowa b. 1874, with him and both parents born in Germany, as was Ed's father, but nothing more is known about this boy.) Med's known children:

(1) William "Wilse" Gibson b. 1855 AR. According to page 208 of the book HAXTON GENEALOGY & ALLIED LINES By C. Vale Mayes and Bertha Clark, Wilse Gibson was married in that triple wedding on 13 November 1875 when he married Rosetta J. Haxton, b. 1858 IN, daughter of William Bennett Haxton. Evidently this Gibson family moved to Indian Territory by 1901 (OK in 1907). Gibson children: James 1876; Frank ca 1879; Charles Buel 1882 m. 1903 Alma Burgess in Tulsa, OK; Floyd ca 1884, ran "Gibson" Hotel in Tulsa; Nettie b. 1886, d. 1899, age 13 (only girl); Roy; Ray; Gus Melvin 1889; Lee 1895; Houston; and Carl Gibson.

(2) Mary Magdalene Gibson, b. 29 April 1860 AR, and as an adult was 5'8" tall. In Benton County on 31 October 1878 m. William Orin "Red" Condrey, b. 15 November 1853 Iredell County, NC. They moved to New Mexico after 1908. She died 7 January 1923 and he on 30 June 1937, and both were buried at Mountainair, NM. Condrey children, all b. AR: Marshall B. "Jack" 1879; Lee Stonewall "Bud" 1882 (line of L. Kiehn); Mary J. "May" 1885; Tisia B. "Bird" 1888; Jeptha 1890; Bertha 1893; Jessie 1895; Clarence 1898, and Opal Condrey 1900.

It is indeed a desirable thing to be well descended but the glory belongs to our ancestors. — Plutarch

OUR READERS WROTE

Some Time Back

The following chatty and informative letter was laid aside awaiting further correspondence that never materialized. We print it now with apologies. Signed; Those concerned.

Riverside Calif- Aug 31 - 1977

To The Historical Society in Fayetteville, Ark

I am writing you some facts about the University of Arkansas and a few other things that I thought maybe some of you younger people don't know, but would be glad to hear about. If you know them already or don't care about them this can be put in your waste basket if you have room.

To begin with I was born in Fayetteville in 1891 on Prairie Ave. and lived there till 1914 when we came to Calif. My Maternal Grandfather Chas. Moritz Todt (in German) but changed it to Dodt when he came to America. He ran away from his home in Germany and came as a stow away on a ship when he was only 12 yrs. old. I don't know where he first landed, but he finally made it to Missouri where he became a citizen of U.S.A. He already had a stone mason's trade. So he is the one that did the beautiful masonry work on the front of the Old Main building, also, the steps there and the steps to enter the grounds at the corner on Dixon St. I never had the pleasure of seeing him as he went to Texas before I was born and died there. He is buried in Waco, Tx.

My Paternal Grandfather John Armstrong took care of the lawns at the University for several years. He lived about one mile north of it near what was called Rose Hill at the time. He always carried his hand mower as there were no side walks at that time. Once, while he worked, there was a group of girls taking painting lessons. They decided he would make a good subject. The picture is still some where in the family, but I don't know just where.

Now I'll change the subject. The first work I ever did was when I was about 14 years old. I went to work in a printing office setting type by hand at the Arkansas Sentinel on the South side of the public square for Miss Meah Merritt. While I was there I set the type for an article telling about Mr. and Mrs. Stephen K. Stone who lived in the old Stone house just west of the square. It was about their 75th wedding anniversary. A beautiful article. I had the clipping for years but in moving so many times I lost it. I understand the old house is a museum now. I wish I could come to see it but I don't travel around much now as I am in a wheel chair. I finally worked in two other printing offices. One Philbeck and Hawes and then Sam Marrs and John Neely. I very well remember the articles written by Dr. Chas. Hillman Brough and sent in to the paper.

I didn't live far from the beautiful National Cemetery at the end of Gov. Ave. My father-in-law Wm. F. Jones is buried there.

I attended the South School and then, finally, the North School. Some of the wonderful teachers were Prof. Root, Miss Hettie Bell, Miss Kate Sappington and Miss Mollie Shelton of the South School.

Prof. Buck and Miss Pearl Martin at the North School. Well, I'd better close now as I suspect you are already tired of reading.

Best wishes to all.

Bessie Armstrong Jones

LIFE IN THE THIRTIES, *Washington County*

by Caryn Schmitt & Steven Finney

In the 1930s Washington County was a small farming community. To find out about life in the thirties we interviewed Dr. Carmen Lierly, a retired educator who grew up in Fayetteville. He worked in the Fayetteville Public School system for twenty years. While talking with Dr. Lierly, we discussed such topics as transportation, dating, the depression, and education.

"It was more difficult back then to go to high school than it is to go to the University of Arkansas today. You had to pay tuition to go to high school. Attending Fayetteville High School cost $27 a year. One could go to the University for $30 a year. Actually, in Fayetteville there were FHS and Peabody. At Peabody they trained student teachers. Kids went there for just $21 a year. If you got kicked out of FHS, you went to Peabody. If you were a troublemaker, you'd spend a year or so there. So, as I say, a college education today is much easier to get than a high school education then. Most kids quit when they finished the eighth grade. At the end of your eighth grade year you had to pass a county exam before you could go on to the ninth grade. Then, too, FHS was strictly college prep. They weren't geared to poor kids, and so the high schools didn't care anything about them. There was no typing offered; that was a vocational course! You could go to Farmington for typing, but you could learn French and Latin at FHS. I even had to take physics. I needed it about as much as a pig needs a sidesaddle.

"Until '48 or '49 there were rural schools about every three miles, but no school buses, of course. A lot of kids lived out from town. We only lived six miles out, but I stayed in town with my grandfather. Roads were so bad many kids would stay with relatives. After the war, Salem had enough money to pay me to drive my pickup truck to haul children to school. I usually drove six to Fayetteville and six to Farmington. I think the district may have paid my tuition. In addition, I received about $60 a month. The first school buses were driven by teachers. Mr. Duncan, a former FHS principal, who was the shop teacher then, drove a bus morning and evening, before and after class. Buses had no heaters, so you have to think that attaining a high school education could be hazardous to your health.

"The teachers in the rural schools were qualified to teach once they completed high school. I think they were paid $50 or $60 a month, which was a good salary."

Was Grandma the first girl you ever dated?

"No-o-o . . . she was the second! Most social life centered around the church, even for those who weren't religious. In most small areas, you had preachin' once a month—on Saturday night, Sunday, and Sunday night. Meetings were held at the schoolhouse. The place would be full an hour

before the meetings ever started. That's where you came to see and visit with all of the people. Usually you'd walk your girl home after the meeting. It wasn't uncommon for everyone to walk up the road together. Sometimes there'd be as many as twelve or fifteen of us. When you got to your turning off place, you'd turn off. About all of the social life was within the community. On Saturday nights, three or four families of neighbors would come together. Grown-ups would play cards and the kids would have various activities of their own. Radios were virtually nonexistent because in the 30s there was no electricity in the rural areas. One big activity was to go to the house of someone who did have a radio and listen to a Joe Louis fight! You'd find whole yards full of people listening."

How many cars did you have?

"Just barely had one; plus, you gotta remember, if you had a car, you didn't drive it. License for a car was $31 a year. Now, when you're makin' a dollar a day, that's about one month's pay. You just couldn't afford to license your car. Many times our car was with license only three months out of the year. Otherwise, you'd just drive on the back roads when you had to use the car.

"In the 30s, people still came to town with horse and wagon. Up there by Lewis Brothers, where that parking lot is now, there was another building—sort of in the middle—it was a blacksmith's shop. It'd be full of wagons. People would drive in with a load of wood. Wood brought $1.50 for a rick. If you didn't sell it, you'd just throw your wood out in a pile and leave. The next week maybe you'd sell that rick and another you'd just brought. You could trust people! If a man got drunk, his horse could bring him home. People would get him started, and the horse would know how to get home. The family would hear the drunk coming and would open the gate. You needn't drive when you were drunk—the horses did! There wasn't much social drinking, particularly in this area. Around the University there was some because there were Northerners. But down in the South it was pretty well frowned upon. You didn't associate with those people."

How did the Depression affect Washington County?

"Some people had dispersed, so when the Depression came they returned. Which is what we did. We came back in '31 because we owned a forty acre farm. The land hereabout is very poor land. Originally it had all been timber, but people cleared that off. Basically it was subsistence farming; you grew enough to live on. There were a lot of little ol' two-room shacks on the land. People scratched out a living and raised their families working for a dollar a day, or ten cents an hour, doing agricultural labor. But even that wasn't steady. The most you could earn was $6 a week. You might pay $1 or $1.50 for rent. Some who left to improve their economic conditions were forced to come back because they could farm. Either they owned or sharecropped so they produced enough food to live on."

Times were hard in the 1930s. The Depression brought people back who had gone away to make more money. While no one was becoming wealthy around here, most people were able to get by. That's all that really mattered during the Depression. People had to struggle to get an education. It was

"easy" to quit before getting a high school diploma. Even with a diploma, there were no big salaries to be had. But there was food on the table, neighbors who cared, and always a belief that things would get better.

Washington County survived and grew during this miserable time because its people were hard workers. They all had a tremendous amount of pride. It was a self-pride that grew from each family's accomplishments and attained goals. What made Washington County unique, however, was that the people also possessed a great amount of pride in their community. People shared and trusted one another. If a family was in need or trouble, they knew the community would be there to help. The citizens of Washington County loved this area. They were willing to work for its survival and prosperity. Dr. Lierly revealed to us a special attitude and love for Washington County that its young people had in the 30s. We hope it continues to exist today.

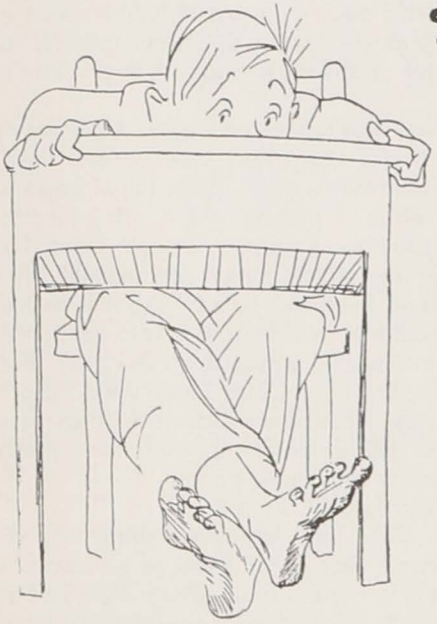


Illustration by Stephanie Michalczyk

THERE AND BACK AGAIN

by David M. Greer

BAREFOOT

On the farm, shoes were for Winter and Sundays. About the first of April, we boys would start pestering Mother: "It's warm! It's hot! Can't we go barefoot?"

Mother said "No, it's too early" and we gave up - for a couple of days. Then the pressure would begin again. Eventually she would give in, and we shed shoes and stockings, to run off toward the creek — or start a race. Tender feet didn't get very far at first, inthose flint rocks. It was said the Indians had come for hundreds of miles to get our flint rocks. Unfortunately, they had left most of them right there. The stones were sharp and everywhere. It took a couple of weeks with lots of cuts to toughen up our soles so we could walk with comfort. But we endured.

Even after the bottoms of our feet toughened, there were hazards. Stubble in a mowed field could puncture, thorns from blackberry, dewberry, and locust penetrate, fallen scraps of barbed wire gave grievous wounds, everpresent chiggers bite and the horses step on your feet if you didn't watch out. All of these things happened to us, at one time or another. It is a wonder that we did not get lockjaw, considering how many of our cuts and

punctures were in and around the barnyard. But we didn't, though I had to be taken to Cincinnati twice to have Dr. Pitman lance an infected toe. There was never a thought about tetanus.

The biggest hazard was snakes. We were never bitten, because we were careful. We often brought home a live cottonmouth to show Mother and Dad. Somehow, we never did dare to do that with a copperhead. We never saw a rattlesnake on our place, though they were present. We were not afraid, but we were very, very respectful of snakes.

So we went barefoot all summer, every summer, except when we visited in Texas, where the sand-burrs made it impossible, until we moved to Siloam Springs. There I entered High School. Of course, you couldn't go barefoot to High School. Grade School kids could and did. But I was used to no shoes, and more comfortable without them. One day in September 1921, in the middle of an 11-O'clock Latin class, I discovered a pair of dirty brown feet under the desk in front of me — my own! I had forgotten I was grown up. I ran all the way home at the end of class. It was one of the biggest embarrassments of my life — still is, after 60 years.

Nowadays, when I pick my way gingerly across a pebbly beach to the water, I find it hard to think I once believed man's feet were meant to walk directly on the earth.

OUTDOOR PLUMBING?

Not really. Actually, no plumbing at all. When we wanted water, the pump was in the back yard. The water bucket sat on the table on the screened-in back porch. Lewis and I were expected to keep it filled — unless we were down on the creek, at school, or off somewhere in the fields, the woods, or the orchard. When we moved to this farm, Dad put up a tower, about ten feet over the pump, with a galvanized water tank on it. A hit-and-miss gasoline engine connected to the pump by a belt and flywheel, thus keeping the tank filled. We hoped to have running water in the kitchen. It would have been the marvel of the neighborhood if it had worked. But before Dad ever got the pipes run to the house, the entire scheme had to be abandoned. The water got full of wiggletails, bats got into the tank to die there, and very soon the water became so foul that Mother wouldn't even let us wash our feet in it. Thus the tank just sat there, empty, and Dad took the engine away for the apple drier. Anyway, why use a complicated machine to do a task that two small boys can take care of, when you find them?

The two kitchen kettles — one black cast iron, heavy, the other grey enamel, light-weight, were kept filled from the water bucket. They sat on the back of the wood cook-stove, a ready supply of warm water for cooking, washing dishes or hands and face. Dishwashing required two dishpans on the kitchen table, one for the soapy water, one for rinsing. Hands and faces were washed in the enameled washpan on the bench located at the back porch, right by the roller towel. The dirty and soapy water, that nowadays would go down the drain, was carried to the back door in the pans, and thrown out on the ground. So grass never grew near the back door.

Clothes were washed and rinsed in two washtubs mounted on a trestle out by the fence in the back yard, with a wringer mounted on one end. Water for the laundry was heated in a copper wash boiler set on the kitchen stove, and carried out to the tubs. Of course, it first had to be carried in: soft water from the rain barrels when available, otherwise from the pump. Sometimes, when dirty work clothes were to be laundered, a big black cast iron pot, positioned in the back yard was used.

Baths — a Saturday night institution — were taken standing in a washtub in the kitchen. At least, that's what Lewis and I enjoyed. I never found out what Mother and Dad did. It never occurred to me to ask. For bathing and kitchen use, we had Ivory soap; for laundry, usually yellow laundry soap (sometimes Grandmother Greer's home-made variety).

The outhouse stood in the corner of the garden, about 100 feet from the back door. A boardwalk ran back to it from the garden gate, so keeping our feet out of the winter snows and spring mud. It was an unpainted board structure of the two-hole variety, with a pit below into which quicklime was occasionally sprinkled to keep down odor and discourage flies. On the seat, beside the holes, were last year's Sears and Roebuck and Montgomery Ward catalogs. (The slick colored pages of ladies' dresses were regarded with disfavor.) We called this structure the "WC." I don't know whether Mother and Dad brought the term back from New Zealand (I know it was used there) or grew up with it in Fort Smith. It was years before I learned that "WC" stood for "water closet," a typical Victorian circumlocution for what, nowadays, we older people call an "outhouse" — another circumlocution! Anyway, despite our name for it, our outhouse was no water closet. I never did hear a neighbor use the term "WC."

The waterless pit below tended to fill up with rumpled pages of Sears catalog and other literature, and one winter night, out of curiosity to see what would happen (I'm afraid that is awfully close to a definition of "mischief") I lit a match and dropped it down the hole. I almost found out the worst that could happen, until I remembered the snow outside, and threw a few handfulls into the blaze. It was a near thing!

APPLE HARVEST

The principal crop on our farm was apples. Oh, we had corn, and oats, and sometimes wheat plus enough red clover or alfalfa hay to take care of our livestock through the winter. But apples — 60 acres of them — were the big crop, the all-important cash crop. At that time — 1910 to 1930 — Northwest Arkansas was apple country. We shipped all over the midwest.

We had Jonathans, a sweet red apple that sold as "fancy" — each apple wrapped in tissue paper, and packed layer on layer in apple boxes. We had Ben Davis, a big mellow apple that wasn't much good to eat fresh, but which we dried and sold in bulk. I was told that hotels and restaurants in the cities used dried apples for pies and cobblers. Another variety was Ganos — also called "Black Ben," a drier apple, too. We had winesap, a tart-sweet apple, and a good "keeper" - we always tried to retain a few bushels in the root cellar, where they lasted well into the winter. Ingrams, a small sweet apple were the very best "keeper". We grew only a few of this kind and kept all

their fruit to ourselves.

These made up the orchard. In addition we had about a dozen trees in a little field near the house — the "home orchard" — with other varieties. I remember one that bore fruit which ripened early, but never lost its green color. We called them "June Apples." They were so sweet that there were occasional pockets of crystalized sugar near the core. Also we had Arkansas Blacks, a yellow-fleshed apple, so dark red that it was almost black, firm, sweet, juicy. Arkansas Blacks were **my** favorite. I wonder where they could be found now?

The apple drier was a log structure about 100 yards from the house. It had a 2-story section, with the drying racks made of wooden laths upstairs, over the wood-burning heating chamber. Alongside the 2-story structure was a shed, that contained peeling and coring machines, plus a slicing machine that cut the peeled and cored apples into ring-shaped slices. These machines were driven, through a series of shafts, pulleys, and belts, by a hit-and-miss gasoline engine. They were operated, in the short apple-drying season, by women from the neighboring farms.

The apple slices were carried upstairs in tubs, and spread on the drying racks, with hot air from the wood furnace below coming up through them. As they dried, they were turned and stirred with big steel scoops. All during the drying time the apple rings were exposed to a bleaching agent, sulfur dioxide, produced by burning sulfur below. You know how an apple turns brown after it is cut? The bleaching prevented this color change. The apples that we sacked, or sometimes hauled to the railroad at Summers in loose wagon-fulls, were as white as when they were first sliced.

I never eat apple pie in a restaurant without remembering the drier — the pop-pop-pop, tut-tut-pop, of the hit-and miss engine, the whirr of the peeling machines, and the lung-searing impact of that sulfur smoke.

THE AUTOMOBILE

One day Dad went off with a neighbor to Siloam Springs. That was unusual; generally the trip was made in our wagon. I think Mother was a little puzzled, but Lewis and I didn't think anything of it. That is, we didn't until Dad came home.

He arrived with a roar and a pop-pop. Mother ran out the front door crying, "Dane! What have you done? What is it? Isn't it pretty? Where did you get it? What did it cost? Why didn't you tell me? Does it run all right?". Dad just sat there grinning.

It was a Metz, vintage about 1912. I read somewhere, years later, that the Metz had been made for a few years, by one of the watch companies — I forget which one. It didn't run like a watch.

It was a single-seater, like a buggy, and it had a top like a buggy. In the back, outside the buggy top, was a tool box with a padded seat that could accommodate two small extra passengers. It had a 4-cylinder motor, with a crank that kicked back, and brass headlights, with an acetylene tank on the running board. It was a chain drive — two chains, like oversize bicycle chains, running from sprockets somewhere amidships back to the rear

wheel sprockets. Its brake operated on the drive shaft, forward of the chain drive. There was a hand throttle and choke plus, marvel of marvels, it had an infinitely variable transmission: a friction disc that could be moved toward or away from center of the driving disc on the flywheel, by means of a foot pedal with a ratchet that let you set it and leave it at any gear ration you wanted. The gasoline tank was in the back behind the tool box and dicky seat.

I suppose the watch factory was in flat country. The Metz had gravity feed from the tank to the carburetor, which worked fine in flat country and downhill. But the Ozarks are hilly country, and whenever we went anywhere, a substantial part of the trip was uphill. That's when the motor stopped.

So Dad learned to take a good run at any small hill, but to turn around and back up a big hill. If he miscalculated on the first kind, he had to back down to the bottom, get out and crank up again, turn around, and then back up. Some of our hills were very long. Dad got to be an expert uphill backer.

The Metz had another crotchet. The two chains were really too light for the car, or more probably for the Ozarks, because on a steep hill a chain would break. Now remember, the brake was on the drive shaft, forward of the differential, and with one chain broken the other wheel was free to turn. The brake wouldn't stop anything but the motor.

If you were backing up when the chain broke it wasn't too bad. You would go back down, forward, easy steering, and no problem — unless there was a wagon or buggy behind (or now in front) of you. In which case, things could get a little hairy. Otherwise, the car would go part way up the next (or was it the last?) hill, and when you came back down that one you really had to steer backwards. Dad became good at high speed downhill backing, too.

When the car did stop, where was that chain? Why, halfway up that first hill, you know! That is why Dad never went anywhere in the Metz without Lewis or me on the dicky seat, to spot where the chain was flung, so we could run back to retrieve it. We had a box of spare links in the toolbox. The man who sold the car to Dad had left them there, but he never mentioned why!

Every trip was an adventure. The Metz lasted about a year, then expired at the front gate. Dad and the hired man worked it over for a week, but it never hit another lick. The last I saw of it was out behind the apple drier. It had sort of melted down into a pile of junk.

Or maybe it was that all along. While it lasted it was a marvel!

WILD ARKANSAS JACK

He was big, bearded, ragged dirty, and his hair hung down over his shoulders. He turned up one evening just at supper time, stood in the clearing out in front of our entrance gate and bellered "Hello!" That was the polite equivalent of ringing the front doorbell in those days and those parts. He was leaning on a big, long double-barrelled gun.

Dad went to the door, looked out, then said "Howdy," as he stepped to

the front gate. Shep sat at the front door growling. Mother peeked as she commanded "You boys get in the kitchen. Right now!" We did — and popped out the back door, crept around the house to hide under the lilac bush at the corner of the yard.

The stranger said "I'm right proud to meet you, Mr. Greer. They call me Wild Arkansas Jack. I been avisitin' kinfolk over to Mountain Home. I'm agoin' back to them hills." He pointed west, toward the Cookson Hills in Oklahoma, where outlaws were likely to hole up (still do sometimes, for that matter).

"Well, what can I do for you, Mr. Jack?" Dad asked.

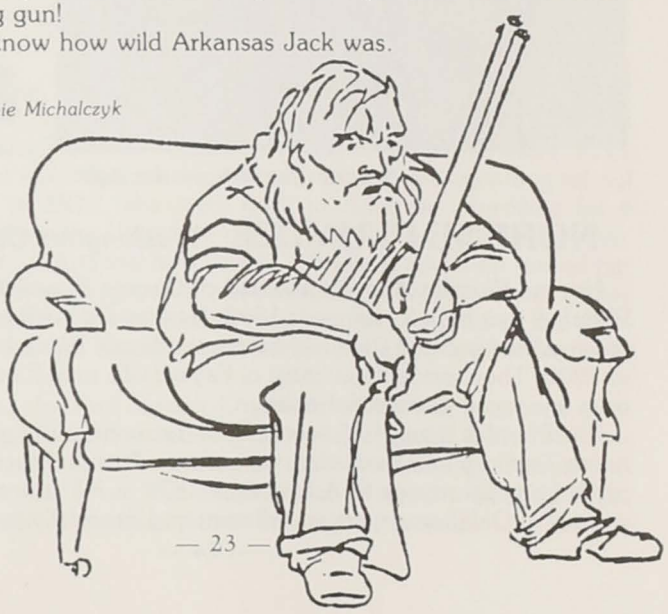
"I don got a drink out'n your spring. But I ain't et since yesterday noon over to Huntsville. Maybe you'uns could spare me a little cornbread and a glass of buttermilk."

"Come on in, Mr. Jack" said Dad. "We can do better than that. We're just about to sit down to supper. Just set your gun by the door, and come on in." He did. He ate just about everything on the table — turnips and turnip greens, squash and carrots from the garden, cornbread with buttermilk, and half an apple pie: "It shore is good, ma'am. Now if I could have just a little more." I don't remember what he talked about — anyway he talked with his mouth full. I couldn't understand half of what he said. While he ate, Dad went out the back door, around the house, and unloaded his gun — a big, long one with over-and-under barrels, one a shotgun, one a rifle barrel.

Wild Arkansas Jack slept in our hayloft that night. The next morning he appeared for breakfast — "four eggs are plenty, ma'am, and that shore is good coffee," — after which he set off west, down the road toward Watts, OK. As he made his way along the road, the telephone rang and his passage was announced to everyone on the line. When he finally moved beyond the last house on our telephone line, everyone felt a sense of relief. He may have been quite harmless — despite the reputation of the Cookson hills. But that long gun!

We just didn't know how wild Arkansas Jack was.

Illustration by Stephanie Michalczyk



Norene Plumlee on the right.

Group picture taker
Back, l. to r. George P
ried, as did my paren
cemeteries, Zion and

NORENE PLUMLEE *Washington County Teacher*

Norene Plumlee, the eighth child of George F. and Amanda (Grisham) Plumlee, was born 26 January 1892, Newton Co., AR and attended a one-room school (named Plumlee) before the family moved to Washington Co. in 1900. They resided southeast of Fayetteville near Zion where she received a few more years of schooling.

The Plumlee family had been told of the wonderful opportunities in Oklahoma Territory and there they moved to a farm in Lincoln Co. This family came from Tennessee to Arkansas in 1879 in hill country both states. The prairies of Oklahoma were so different and especially in the fields of cotton

Some Residents of Zion Community circa 1912

Monte Ne. Front, l. to r. Norene Plumlee, Sarah Horn, Elizabeth Horn. lee, Ollie Plumlee and Anna Cate. Ollie Plumlee and Anna Cate later mar- George Plumlee and Sarah Horn. The four now rest in Washington Co. land. About the two young men: left, Frank Horn and right, George Ivey.

they planned to raise. They did remain past Statehood which occurred November 16, 1907, making Oklahoma the 46th state. Raising cotton was not so profitable to the Plumlees and the trek back to the Ozarks was in 1911.

Norene remained in Oklahoma another year as she was attending school in Bethany. Early in 1912, she went back to Arkansas, enrolling for a teacher's short course in the University of Arkansas. In March, the 23rd day, 1912, she received her first teachers license, Grade 3, and then started her teaching at Zion. Norene enjoyed the teaching there but a number of her nephews and nieces were in her classes. That created problems so she moved to Hickory Flat School, boarding with the Coger family for the few years she taught there.

In the meantime, she met Joseph Logan. In 1918 Joe proposed marriage. Norene accepted and the wedding took place July 28, 1918. Joe was employed in Tulsa, OK and there they set up housekeeping. Norene remained in Tulsa the rest of her life, which ended at age 83, Dec. 4, 1975. The above is a tribute to my dear Aunt. *Robert D. Plumlee*

THE WHITE CHURCH

by Christine Carte

This picture of the White Church school was taken in 1893. The teacher is Mary Ann Carnahan Crawford. She was the daughter of Samuel and Mary Pyette Carnahan and was the first white child born on Cane Hill. She married Finis Ewing Crawford.

Students identified are: Front row (4th) John Pridemore, (6th) Felix Pridemore. Second row (1st) Gerty Pridemore. Back row (7th) Dr. Herbert Buchanan. Some of the other families represented are: Parks, Paterson, Buchanan, Brewster, Allison, Allen and Hosman.

The first Sunday School in the Territory of Arkansas was organized by the Rev. John Carnahan. This took place in the home of James Buchanan sometime in October 1828. Samuel Carnahan held the office of superintendent for more than 20 years, during which time he was absent only three times.

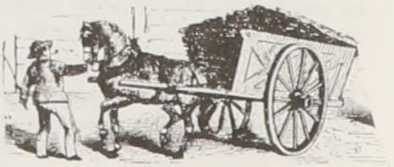
The pupils numbered twelve white children and one negro man.

In 1830 a large log house, 35x50 feet, was built on the Buchanan land. In 1858 a frame building was erected. When finished it was painted white, so they called it "The White Church".

There is a subscription list with no date, pledging money to build a church and seems to be the one used for this building. Mark Bean and Isaac Buchanan each contributed $200. John Buchanan, R.H. Bean, P.H. Troutt and Samuel Carnahan gave $100 apiece. N.D. Hanks and James Crawford gave $40; Hugh Dillon, $25; and J.H. Crawford Ford, P.W. Buchanan, W.M. Buchanan, J.P. Carnahan and James Mitchel, Jr. all donated $20 each. Isaac Buchanan was in charge of building the church house.

The negro man in the Sunday School was a slave belonging to Samuel Carnahan. He was a man of huge size and strength, with the mind of a child. He was faithful to all commands and always in a happy frame of mind. When not at work he played with the white children. When old, his master freed him from all labor. In time he asked for better clothing. He asked for a long-tailed coat, trousers to match, white shirt with a large collar, a flashy necktie, a "bee gum" hat and shoes that would shine. On Sunday he would dress in his Sunday suit and with cane in hand walked a "beat", back and forth. When well dressed people passed, he would lift his hat and bow very low; but if other negroes or poor white folk came along, he would not look towards them nor speak.

What this country needs are family trees that will produce more lumber and fewer nuts.



The White Church School, 1893, Mary Ann Carnahan, teacher.

AN 1875 TRIPLE WEDDING

by Mrs. Bobby G. Wilson

There is a large monument in the north section of Springdale's Bluff Cemetery, with the name HAXTON prominently displayed. The name is not a common one now, but a hundred years ago it was a name easily recognized, and that family was connected to a large number of other pioneer families of this area.

William Bennett Haxton was born 1824 in Ohio, the eldest of ten children, and was reared in Indiana. He entered the woolen mills at the age of fifteen. By the time he and his wife, Margaret (Foote) Haxton, located at Wager in 1871 (west of Elm Springs, AR), he was well experienced in that trade. Mr. Haxton first ran a woolen mill on the third floor of a flour mill at Wager, which was powered by the water of Osage Creek. Then he built a race, dam and mill west of the Thornsberry community and moved his business there. Finally, in 1878 he moved to Springdale, AR. A picture of his mill, which was later known as the Springdale Woolen Mill, can be seen in the book HAXTON GENEALOGY AND ALLIED LINES (page 187) by C. Vale Mayes, of the Washington County Historical Society.

The Haxtons were the parents of a dozen children before their move to Arkansas, but two died young. While they still lived in the rural community, some of the miller's children were doing some serious courting. No doubt one couple decided to take the giant leap into matrimony. It turned into a chain reaction. June is the traditional time for weddings, but Cupid had other plans. On 18 November 1875 Justice of the Peace Britton Finly married three of the Haxton offspring and their chosen sweethearts in an unusual triple wedding service. It was mentioned in the 1889 **Goodspeed History,** and was recorded in Washington County, AR Marriage Book D, pages 435-7.

The eldest of the trio was 25-year-old Squire Newton Haxton who married 17-year-old Almeda Walker. She was the daughter of William and Virginia (Brickey) Walker, who are buried in the old Backbone Cemetery near Wager. Newt is said to have recorded births and deaths in the family Bible in his beautiful handwriting. William, Newt, and his brother-in-law, J. Buell Slauter, ran the mill together a number of years. Squire Newton Haxton's picture appears in the 1978 SPRINGDALE CENTENNIAL book by Bobbie Lynch, since he served as mayor of Springdale from 1894-1897. Children of S.N. and Almeda Haxton were: Myrtle who married L. Umbaugh; Willie T., unmarried when he died in a tragic wood-cutting accident; Walter Joseph who married Helen Peel of Bentonville; and Fred Vol who married Alpha Harris.

The second couple was Lillie Dale Haxton, age 19, who married Archibald Yell "Pete" Wilson, age 25. He was the son of Benton County pioneers Archelous and Sarah Minerva (Burgess) Wilson, who are buried at Thornsberry Campground Cemetery. Nine of Pete and Lillie's children were born at Wager, before they moved to Cherokee, Kansas, where the last one

was born. Pete was a farmer and then worked in oil fields, and died in 1920. Lillie was within three months of being 100 when she died in 1956. Both are buried at Kingman, Kansas. (See Haxton book for pictures.)

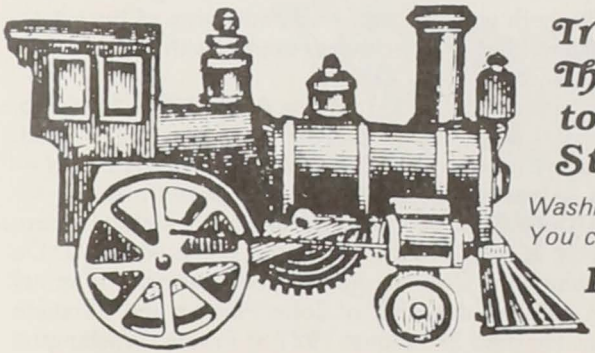
Their children: Eva May Cato; Clara Alice Brown; Minnie Maud Calvin; (Archie Yell, Jr. and William Thomas died young, buried Thornsberry); James Edgar; Pearl Lee Ledgerwood; Clifford Earl; Florence Nettie; and Walter Glen Wilson.

The last couple in the triple wedding was Rosetta J. Haxton, age 17, who married William "Wilse" Gibson, age 20. He was the son of Joseph James Gibson and Hannah Madeline Burgess (youngest sister of Sarah Minerva). The Gibson family moved to Indian Territory by 1901, which became Oklahoma in 1907. Their children: James, Frank, Charles Buel, Floyd (ran Gibson Hotel in Tulsa), Nettie (only girl, died at 13), Roy, Ray, Gus Melvin, Lee, Houston, and Carl Gibson. After Wilse's father died in Civil War, Hannah married Ed Maxfield, buried Thornsberry.

QUERIES

Mildred Werelius, 1057 South Bank Road, Oakville, WA 98568 is trying to establish who were the parents of David Walker LEWIS whose family is found in Crawford County, AR from 1860 on. David, born 1848, married Eliza SHIPLEY, and had Roseltha Lewis, b. AR who married James H. ROBERTS, b. WV, and had Vinnie Roberts, b. OK Territory, married Alex ELLIS, b. AR. The Ellises are the parents of Mrs. Werelius.

Tommie Mannon, 905 S. E. 8th, Wagoner, OK 74467: I would like to have information on Carrie BREWER of Gentry who married a Thomas M. ASHER of Johnson, Washington County. The marriage was July 7, 1903; she was 20 and he was 18 at the time.



Train Your Thoughts to Think of Stuff About

Washington County's History. You could find the results in

FLASHBACK

THE SMITH FAMILY

by Sammy Tise

"They were from somewhere up in Arkansas and no-one knows anything about them. You will never find out anything."

Researching Smiths can be fun and frustrating. There has to be at least a zillion of them. My Grandmother Tise was a Smith, and her Grandfather Smith married a Smith! So, to keep the genealogical confusion going I married Barbara Joann Smith. Her ancestors are those Smiths "from somewhere in Arkansas".

Barbara's Grandfather, George Benjamin Smith, died in the State Hospital in San Antonio, TX of tuberculosis. I went to San Antonio to get a copy of his death certificate, and then found an obituary in the *Eagle Lake (TX) Headlight*. There was noted — in both places — born in Goshen, AR.

Our next trip was to Fayetteville with stops at Weber Falls, OK and Fort Smith, AR. Barbara's Dad, Henry Bertice Smith, was born in Weber Falls. While there we even found some kinfolks on his mother's side. She was Kate Belle Looper, from Scott County, AR.

We spent some time at the library in Fort Smith looking at microfilm. Since Bertice is not a real common name we concentrated on finding a Smith family in Washington County with a son named Bertice. Her Dad had been named after his Uncle Bertice. Also, Bertice attended his brother's funeral, and at the time, 1935, was residing in California.

To make a long story short we did find them. Even got lucky and found George Benjamin Smith in the Weber Falls, OK, census before he and Kate Looper were married.

We knew when we got to Fayetteville we would have more information than we could piece together, but that didn't happen. Sometime, in 1986, we will be making our third trip to Washington County. We are still putting together a little here and a little there. But we did find the records on those Smiths "from somewhere in Arkansas", Oklahoma, and Virginia. Following is what we have found. We certainly hope someone can help add to it.

George W. Smith, b.ca. 1825 in Maryland, married Elizabeth B. Clarke on 25 June 1850 in Fairfield, Rockbridge County, VA. He died in 1895 in Washington County, AR and she died after 1900 in Washington County, AR. We found where Elizabeth was named as administratrix of his estate. She was in the 1900 Washington County census, staying with her daughter and son-in-law, Hattie A. and David M. Oxford.

Their children were Joseph E., b. 1851; Mary A.,b. 1854; Emily, b. 1857; Alice R., b. 1859/60; Laura R., b. 1863/64; and Hattie A., b. 1868. Joseph E. and Mary A. were born in VA. Emily was born in VA or TN — both show up in various census records. The rest were born in AR.

Joseph E. was born 20 June 1851 in VA, probably in Rockbridge County. The family was probably in AR when he was about seven years old. On 17 October 1880 in Washington County, he married Franciner (Fannie) Brown, b. April 1860 in AR, the daughter of John Farmer and Elizabeth Ann (Betsy) Little Brown. He died 25 August 1927 at Prairie, Washington

County, AR. Although not confirmed, we believe she died 13 May 1927 at the same place.

Their children were George Benjamin, b. 1881; Maud, b. 1883; John C., b. 1885; Elizabeth, b. 1889; Josephine E., b. 1891; Ole E., b. 1893; Lillie B., b. 1896; Bertice, b. 1898; Betty, b. ?; and Ethel, b ?.

George Benjamin Smith was born 16 May 1881 in Goshen, Washington County, AR. He evidently left home early as he was in OK on the 1900 census. On 29 June 1911 in Gore, Sequoyah County, OK he married Kate Belle Looper, b. 5 October 1895 in Mansfield, AR, the daughter of Henry and Belle Sorrells Looper. He died 5 September 1935 at San Antonio, Bexar County, TX. She died 31 October 1965 at Pasadena, Harris County, TX. Both are buried at Eagle Lake, Colorado County, TX.

Their children were Henry Bertice, b. 1911; Faye Murphy "Jack", b. 1913; Eva Loyce; Betty Jane; Joseph Looper; and Lindell LaVerne.

Henry Bertice Smith was b. 19 December 1911 at Weber Falls, Muskogee County, OK. He came to Texas with his parents in 1914. On 11 November 1936 in Eagle Lake, Colorado County, TX he married Milly Matula, b. 10 December 1915, daughter of Nicolas and Johanna Svrcek Matula. He died 7 April 1967 and is buried at Eagle Lake, TX. On 6 November 1976 Milly married Woodford H. Bolton and they reside in Eagle Lake, TX.

Their only child was Barbara Joann Smith, b. 5 November 1937. On 22 June 1956, at Fort Gordon, GA she married Sammy Tise b. 23 March 1934, son of Lee and Etta Mae Kessler Tise.

Their children are Kathy Joann Tise, b. 2 July 1961 and Bertise Lee Tise, b. 10 May 1963. On 21 August 1981 Kathy married Al Dart Miska. She is currently Director of Nurses, Jackson County Hospital District, Edna, TX. They have a daughter, Samantha Joann Miska, b. 12 July 1984. Bertice Lee is a graduate of Texas A&M and is an electrical engineer in Albuquerque, NM.

THE McILROY ERA

by Chris Shields

Editor's Note: In 1986 the Happy Hollow Foundation again offered $250 as a prize to a high school student in Washington County for the best written piece about our county's history. Your Society also sponsored the contest with the promise to publish the winning theme in FLASHBACK. We congratulate Chris on his effort and are proud to print his achievement.

When you look into the history of Fayetteville and Washington County, one name is found throughout. The name of a family whose role in the history of the area is not appreciated by most. The name is McIlroy and the story is of four generations of men dedicated to the progress of northwest Arkansas.

The first, William McIlroy, was a businessman with the heart of a pioneer. He and his first wife, Missouri Vandyke, had two children, Andrew J. and Melinda H. In 1838 he married Mrs. Eliza Jane Russel who died in 1864 at the age of 60. In 1865, he married Martha Brooks and they had five children: William R., James H., Charles, Anna May and Kate.

William became a member of the Episcopal Church in 1846 and was in the position of vestryman for some 30 years. A memorial stone can be found in St. Paul's Episcopal Church of Fayetteville with his name inscribed.

William and his second wife, Eliza Jane Russel moved from Madison County to Fayetteville in 1854 and started a dry goods store in 1855 with capital of $7,500. His son-in-law, J.H. VanHoose, married to Melinda Ann, worked with him.

Before the Civil War, William set aside $30,000 and moved it by carriage to his brother's home at Mulberry Creek (presently Cass, AR). It was buried in a stable to prevent Union capture and was later dug up to be used partially for an investment into the D.D. Stark Banking Company of Fayetteville. There are legends as to how the money got to its hiding place. Some say that the carriage broke down and was hidden for ten days before William could return to make repairs.

Editor's Note: As Chris notes, there are several versions of the story about that $30,000 in gold and its travels. Your editor suggests that the reader peruse Peter Harkins' version as he wrote on page 10 of his paper "McIlroy Bank, A Century of Service". Or W.J. Lemke's referral to it on page 4 in "The Oldest Bank in Arkansas".

William McIlroy entered the banking business in 1871 when he invested a sum of $5,000 in the D.D. Stark Banking Company in Fayetteville. By January of 1872, he had increased his capital to $20,000, owned controlling interest and bought the Etter Banking Business (his primary competition) and the building it was in.

D.D. Stark was manager until 1874, when he fled the area. He was apprehended but not prosecuted because of laws concerning partnerships. As a result, William McIlroy lost $60,000. William personally removed Stark's name from the doorsill with a chisel and hammer (as written in W.J.

Lemke's "The Oldest Bank in Arkansas").

The Arkansas Industrial University was completed in 1871 so that the state could receive federal funds to build University Hall (Old Main). The university campus occupies what was the McIlroy farm. Old Main was built on the area which was for some 17 years the McIlroy family home. This in itself was a sacrifice by the family for the entire state. The McIlroys sold what had been their home for almost two decades so the state could appropriate federal funds to build the university. In all, 160 acres were sold to the University for the sum of $11,000. Razorback Stadium now sits on what was William McIlroy's cornfield.

In September 1886, William McIlroy died. His wife and son, W. Robert McIlroy, assumed complete control of the bank. Four years later (1890), they merged with the Bank of Fayetteville.

In 1892, the McIlroy Banking Company was organized by E.B. Harrison, H.K. Wade, W.H. Whillock, J.K. Pool, W.R. McIlroy, G.A. Barron, Lee Barron, C. Foster, Tom Shire and Joe L. Dickson. W. Robert McIlroy was selected President. The capital was $50,000.

Upon the death of W.R. McIlroy, C.D. McIlroy became a director and E.B. Harrison was named acting President from 1895 to 1921, when James H. McIlroy became President.

James Hayden McIlroy was born in the farm house where Old Main is now located. As recorded by William S. Campbell in 1928, "Few men in Fayetteville, if any, have had such a constant part in civic, public and financial affairs as "Jim" McIlroy, who said, 'If wealth is hoarded, everyone suffers.'"

James Hayden McIlroy was involved in the following: The Commercial League, president; the school board, member for 18 years; Western Methodist Assembly, trustee; commissioner for the erection of the county courthouse; commissioner of the first paving district in Fayetteville; ownership and operation of the first electric plant in Fayetteville; establishment of the first wholesale grocery company in Fayetteville; built the first fireproof building in Fayetteville; had an active part in locating the Veterans Hospital in Fayetteville; and (among others) the president of McIlroy Bank. "Jim" McIlroy died in 1939.

W.H. McIlroy was the next to gain control of McIlroy Bank and upon his death in 1965, his son Hayden gained control.

Mr. Jim Clark of Fayetteville recalls, "Hayden's father was a wonderful person, a really wonderful person." I asked Mr. Clark if the first McIlroys had lived lavishly and his immediate reply was, "No, they lived very conservatively. W.H. McIlroy drove a Mercury and their home was furnished conservatively."

I asked Mr. Clark about Hayden McIlroy (great-grandson of William), and he said, "Hayden likes to spend a lot of time at home. He loves his children and is devoted to his wife and daughters."

My final question was, "What, in your opinion, would Washington County have been like had the McIlroy family not lived here?"

"I doubt that the University of Arkansas would have been here in Fayet-

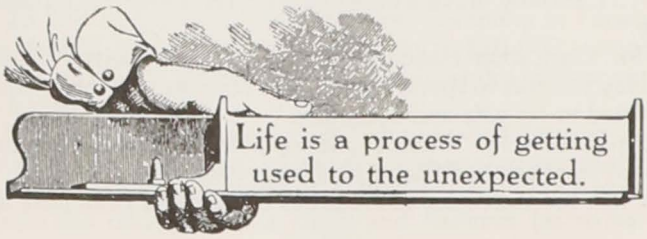
teville", he said, and is right. The original school built in 1871 incorporating part of the family farmhouse, just met the deadline for completion. Had it not been for William McIlroy's help in this matter, the University as we know it, would have been located elsewhere, probably Little Rock. There is little need to say how many people and businesses rely on the University of Arkansas and its students (which add some 14,000 to Fayetteville's buying market). Without the McIlroys, Fayetteville might just have turned out as a town of three thousand instead of a city of thirty-six thousand in the center of an ever growing Washington County.

Editor's Note: Regarding the sacrifice made by the McIlroy family to advance the cause for the University's location in Fayetteville, your editor suggests further reading in "History of the University of Arkansas" by J.H. Reynolds and D.Y. Thomas, written in 1910. Chapter V "Location and Organization of the University" tells of the sale of the McIlroy property, the problems with bonds and land script, and names of many Washington County citizens who gave time and effort to get the University underway. There is no mention of William McIlroy on any of the committees, boards, or trustees. The homestead of William McIlroy was selected by a committee as "a location superior to all the rest we have seen and second to none in the State of Arkansas". The site cost $12,000, the citizens of the town assuming $1,000 of this amount. Fayetteville at that time had a population of 1,500. Of further interest is the fact stated in the same book, that at the time, for many political and financial reasons, Little Rock did not want anything to do with a university there.

Mr. Clark also said, "For this community, what the McIlroy family has done cannot be expressed in monetary value. It's impossible to tell how many people the bank has helped in its 115 years of service." As Mr. Clark said, "It's always been there; other banks have come and gone, but McIlroy has always been there." How true. The bank has been there and, even more importantly, the family has been there, from the Civil War, through the Great Depression, to lend a hand when Washington County needed it the most.

This is a story of four generations of men unique in their dedication to this area, individual in their contributions. It is my hope that the McIlroy family stays the integral part of the northwest Arkansas that they have always been.

(Special thanks to Mr. Jim Clark and the McIlroy family. See also: "The Oldest Bank in Arkansas — The McIlroy Bank" by W.J. Lemke, published by the Washington County Historical Society, Fayetteville, 1965; and "Fayetteville — 1828-1928" by W.S. Campbell, published 1928.)



RECOGNITION OF THREE FINE CITIZENS

FLASHBACK's editor is most grateful to Miss Elizabeth Dupree Ellis for these brief biographical notes regarding the three recipients of the Washington County Historical Society's Distinguished Citizen awards bestowed last April 6. The Society is most happy with its selection and wishes them long life and more honors so richly deserved.

All three recipients of the Distinguished Citizen Awards have family roots in Washington County that extend several generations back.

Miss Kate Davenport is the daughter of the late Mr. and Mrs. DeWitt Clinton Davenport. The Davenports came to Fayetteville about 1840, the grandfather originally from Philadelphia. Her father was born in Fayetteville. He was connected with the McIlroy Bank, and later in his life was with the Internal Revenue Service. Miss Davenport thinks her father died in 1900.

Mrs. Davenport was Josephine Jernigan before her marriage and was the sister of Dr. Sidney Jernigan, an early day physician who practiced in the Wedington area. This writer remembers a neighbor telling her that Jo Davenport was always "the most popular young lady" at early social functions in Fayetteville. Mrs. Davenport's sister, Kate Davenport's "Aunt Serena" was Mrs. White Walker. The Walkers lived in what is now Headquarters House on Dickson St., a short distance from the Davenport home on College Ave. Miss Davenport often played on the Walker lawn when she was a child. The Jernigans and Walkers had come to Fayetteville together from Corsicana, TX in 1866. Mr. W. J. Lemke mentions in his notes to "The Walker Family Letters" that the Walkers had "refugeed" in Corsicana during the last year of the Civil War. Many men sent their families to Texas at the time of the worst devastation of this area during the war. Most of the younger men, of course, were serving in the armies.

Miss Davenport's uncle, Charles Whiting Walker, was the son of Judge David Walker, prominent in Arkansas history, who had married Jane Lewis Washington in Kentucky. He came to Fayetteville in 1830. Jane Lewis Washington was the daughter of Whiting and Rebecca (Smith) Washington. As this writer remembers the late Miss Sue Walker's telling her (Miss Sue was the granddaughter of Judge David Walker), Jane Lewis Washington was the granddaughter of Warner Washington, first cousin of George Washington. Mr. White Walker was a distinguished lawyer. The Walkers

were intimately connected with the early history of northwest Arkansas and, indeed, of the entire state.

Miss Kate Davenport attended the University of Arkansas. She served in the registrar's office at the University from 1920 until 1960. Then, at the University's request, she was in the traffic office until 1970, thus serving the University a total of fifty years. She has the distinction of living in one of the very few remaining private homes on College Avenue.

Dr. Ruth Ellis Lesh and Miss Elizabeth Dupree Ellis are the daughters of the late Dr. and Mrs. Edward Forrest Ellis. Dr. Ellis, himself the recipient of the Society's Distinguished Citizen Award in 1953, pioneered major surgery in northwest Arkansas and remained a leader in his field. He served at one time as president of the Arkansas State Medical Society and was twice signally honored by the State Medical Society for his professional achievements. From the opening of Fayetteville City Hospital in 1912, he was a staff member and benefactor of the hospital. As the editor of the "Fayetteville Democrat" wrote following his death in 1957, "The names of Dr. Ellis and City Hospital were synonymous for many years." Dr. Ellis was also active in civic affairs and served as the longtime president of the Fayetteville School Board. He was one of the founders of the First National Bank in Fayetteville, and served two different times as its president. He was active in acquiring Harmon Playfield for Fayetteville, and, along with Mrs. Ellis, was most helpful in raising funds for that project.

Mrs. Ellis, the former Cener Boone Holcombe, was also active in civic affairs. She was closely associated with the Methodist Church, teaching in the Sunday school, serving as chairman of the local church's observance of its hundredth anniversary. She also served eight years as president of the North Arkansas Conference's Women's Missionary Society. Mrs. Ellis' grandfather, the Rev. John Holcombe, had come to Washington County with his family in 1839. In 1840 he helped organize the Shiloh Primitive Baptist church, becoming its first regular pastor in 1843. Also in 1843 he acquired and "entered", to quote from Goodspeed's 1889 history of Washington County, "all the present plat of Springdale and more, to the amount of 640 acres". In July of 1868 he had the county surveyor plat the original twelve blocks of Shiloh. About 1870 his eldest son, Joseph, after he had acquired the land, laid out the newer part of town. Joseph Holcomb, Mrs. Ellis' father (he dropped the "e" from his name) gave a lot to anyone who would erect a business building. The town was renamed "Springdale" in 1871. When it was incorporated in 1872, Joseph Holcomb became the first mayor. He was called the "father" of the town as his father had been called the "founder."

The following information about Dr. Ruth Lesh is from a biography your present writer was asked to prepare on the occasion of the fiftieth anniversary of her graduation from medical college.

Dr. Ruth Ellis Lesh received both B.A. and M.A. degrees from the University of Arkansas. In 1933 she received an M.D. degree from the Woman's Medical College of Pennsylvania, now the Medical College of

Pennsylvania. Upon graduation she was given the Crane Award of Merit, sharing the award with a fellow student.

After serving internship at the Woman's Medical College Hospital, she practiced medicine with her father in Fayetteville for two years. In 1936 she married Dr. Vincent O. Lesh of South Amboy, NJ, a graduate of Rutgers University and Jefferson Medical College. In 1936-37, Dr. Ruth Lesh attended the University of Pennsylvania Graduate School of Medicine. And in 1938 she and her husband opened medical offices in Fayetteville.

In 1936 she was elected 2nd Vice President of the Arkansas Medical Society, being the first woman to hold an office in the organization. In addition to her membership in the State society, she was a member of the Washington County Medical Society, serving as secretary and as president, as well as being a member of the American Medical Association. She was made a Fellow of the American College of Surgeons and a Fellow of the International College of Surgeons. She was accorded a senior fellowship in the Southwestern Surgical Congress in 1950, and in 1952 she became a Founding Fellow of the American College of Obstetrics and Gynecology. In 1951 she was honored as an alumni member of Arkansas Alpha Chapter of Phi Beta Kappa.

Dr. Lesh took several postgraduate courses, among them a course in gynecological surgery at Cook County Hospital in Chicago and a short course in caudal anesthesia at the University of Tennessee Medical School. During World War II she did surgery with Dr. Joseph James in Springfield, Missouri. Made a Senior Surgeon in the U.S. Public Health Service Reserve, in 1965, she was promoted to Medical Director.

On several occasions she served as chief of staff at Fayetteville City Hospital and Washington Regional Medical Center. For a number of years she was on the governing board of the Fayetteville City Hospital and Geriatric Center. She has been chairman of the board of the Washington County Chapter of the American Red Cross, and a board member of the School of Practical Nurses at Fayetteville. As a consultant for family planning under the EOA, she was also a clinician with Planned Parenthood. Other activities included acting as clinician with family planning under the Washington County Health Department, and on the Medical Advisory Board of the Arkansas Family Planning Council.

Listed in the first edition of "Who's Who of American Women", Dr. Lesh also appeared in its 1977-78 edition.

In the spring of 1960 she accompanied an International Surgeons' group to Europe for study and observation of surgical techniques there. In the fall of 1971 she joined a 'round-the-world tour with the same group. She retired from medical practice in 1975.

Her husband, Dr. Vincent O. Lesh, is retired from general practice and from the medical staff of the U. of A. Student Health Center. Their son, Vincent Edward Lesh, a pilot, retired as Lt. Commander from the U.S. Navy and is now with Flight International in California. Their daughter, Susan Lesh Chadick (Mrs. Earl Chadick, Jr.) is director of social services at WRMC in Fayetteville.

Miss Elizabeth Ellis received a Bachelor of Arts and a Bachelor of Music degree from the University of Arkansas, followed by a Master of Music degree from Northwestern University in Evanston, Illinois. She studied one year at the Institute of Musical Art in Juilliard School of Music in New York City. She taught music privately in Fayetteville for many years.

Having a keen interest in local history and genealogy, she has published numerous articles of historical interest. Both she and her sister are members of the National Society of the Daughters of the American Colonists. Their father's grandfather, Stinson Sewall Stears, came to Missouri from New England about 1840. In 1866 the Stearns family and that of Doctor Ellis' father, Edward Sylvanus Ellis, came to Washington County, Arkansas. One of this writer's happy memories is going to the church in the ancient village of Stoke-by-Nayland in Suffolk, England a number of years ago with a niece and great-niece. The English painter John Constable made a famous painting of this church. Here our ancestor, Isaac Sternes, had married Mary Barker in 1622. We understand the record of that marriage is still on the parish register. In 1980 it was another great pleasure to go with my nephew and this same niece and her family to Watertown, near Cambridge, Massachusetts where we drove down Stearns Street to the center of town. There a large sign proclaimed the town was celebrating the 350th anniversary of its founding. Isaac Stearns, who, with his wife, had come to Massachusetts with Governor Winthrop's fleet in 1630, was one of the founders.

With heartfelt appreciation to the Society,

Elizabeth Dupree Ellis.

AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF PLEASANT HOUSTON SPEARS

This autobiography was brought to our attention by Robbie Glenn King. A cousin in California sent a copy to Ms. King's mother, whose great-grandmother was a McDougal mentioned in this family history. We are printing only a part of Mr. Spears' story as he put it down, with his spelling and grammatical errors, as well as his unique use of words. This part has to do with his experiences during the Civil War which tell of the trouble some people had with their consciences and allegiances during those tragic years. Also, much of Spears' army tribulations had to do with service in northwest Arkansas. The rest of his autobiography tells of his troubled family life and occupations in around Conway, AR after the war. Incidentally, he died November 18, 1912 (age 76 years, 8 months and 15 days) which tells us he wrote these memoirs during his last days upon earth.

It is a fact, backed by inspiration that there is a time for all things, such being the case — it is due time I should take up my pen and proceed to fill the promise I made to friends over 17 years ago. The principal part of my subject will be dedicated to family troubles, to which there are no parallel. I greatly repine over the necessity of writing this little book, but if a man is not true to himself and will not resent the wrongs and abuses cast at him, he is not worthy of the respect of a second class coon dog, and ingraces the shape of his being.

My name is Pleasant Houston Spears. Seventy six years of age, a veteran of the Civil War and served in D Company — Second Regiment, Arkansas Calvary Volunteers. Born in Bedford County, Tennessee on the third day of March 1836, and was brought to Arkansas in 1839 and stopped near Carrolton, Carrol County where I grew up after the fashion of these days of privation and ignorance.

Schools and churches were few and seldom thought of. It was under these disadvantages and lack of the present day training that I grew up with nothing like the favorable opportunities extended to the children in this day and time, and the results is, I have no brilliant achievement to report, but will necessarily be classed with the ignorant, back woods, illiterate old timers.

Now, in order to expedite my narrative and cut a long story short, I will skip over much of my early life and tell of some of my ups and downs as I advance through life. Occassionally telling of some of my unfortunate mistakes as I sojourned through life.

One of my most grevious mistakes was in the choice I made in selecting me a housekeeper which took place the seventh of October 1858 in Newton County, Arkansas. I soon learned I was badly bit in the trade, to which I resolved to make the best of it I could. So the time swiftly moved on, and the war came up, and with many distressing and sad reminiscense of that time, while I was yet young and unacquainted with the horrors of war, I was anxious to join the Union army if I had a chance to do so, but the Rebel

forces kept such a strict vigilance, that to slip through to Missouri was too hazardous to undertake, so I secretly played shut mouth until in the summer of 1862. By this time nearly all the true rebels had joined the army, and those that remained at home were union men. The Confederate Congress passed what was called (Conscript Act) something similar to the Militia Law, this made and forced every man and boy between the age of 18 and 35 years to join some company and go into camps, and be subject to orders of Major General Thomas C. Hindman, Commanding the Trans-Mississippi District, so the boys including myself went into a company and organized as the law directed. Larkin Bunch was chosen as its Captain. I was chosen First Lieutenant, yet I never was sworn in, commissioned or even had a certificate of election, but went on and was honored as Lieutenant usually is. We were ordered to Elm Springs, Washington County, Arkansas. Arriving there about the 8th of September, 1862, here we drew as a piece of a Colonel by the Name of Fitz Williams from Fort Smith, Arkansas and rigid discipline and every day drills were the order of the day, so we remained at Elm Springs about 32 days, being the hottest weather I ever have felt. While this was going on, the boys all out of heart, all mad, cursing and swearing they would go home and leave the D--- outfit and many proved their asseration by their acts. At that time there were about 3,500 conscripts at Elm Springs, poorly clad and without arms and ammunition. I have absolutely visited our regimental guard line at night, and there were not one of the centinels on duty that had a gun or any other instrument of warfare other than a club or rock. While we had plenty of corn bread and the finest beef the Indian Territory could afford, we had no salt to season it. About the 26th of September, a riot or mutiny arose in camps about dark. They took the regimental flag and marched up and down through the regiment, calling out, "all that wished to go home to fall in", and for a time it appeared that the whole layout was as good as gone, but the color bearer, on taking his exit with flag, found only about 30 men left with him. This created a great sensation in Camps but not as great as the 135 men left with us. This created a great sensation in Missouri, who were brought down to our camps to be guarded, these poor souls were kept in Colonel W. H. Brooks campus in an open field where there was nothing but the bare ground, and their rations consisted of whole quarters of raw beef thrown down on the ground, without any kind of fuel to cook it with, or salt to season it, and no bread or even a substitute. This great sensation just mentioned was comparatively small to the one that took place about the 8th of October, afterwards, the recapture these 125 prisoners spoken of above. They were double quicked out for safety in great haste, while the balance of the regiment lost no time in getting ready to follow on, so away many went down to Fayetteville at which place a drenching rain began to fall. We did not stop for shelter as the propelling power that activated our hasty flight was reluctantly looked for behind. We pushed on through that down pour of rain and crossed the west fork of White river at the farm of old Dane Walker's, who was President of the Convention that ushered the State out of the Union on the 6th of May 1861. Here at Colonel Walker's house we camped for three days. The river

got out of banks and the Feds (as we called them) came as far as Fayetteville, 2½ miles distance and the high water turned them back. The rain continued to fall incessantly for about three days. No camps were allowed to be taken out of the wagons, nor was any soldier allowed to seek shelter in old Walker's barn, or his commodious porch which would have accommodated over one thousand people, but there we were standing about in the rain like neglected brutes, drawn up and shivering with cold. About the 3rd day we pulled out for a happier locality, but our progress was impelled by the raise in the middle fork of White river. Here we remained several days, and then took up our march for Spadra Bluff four miles south of Clarksville on the Arkansas River. This was about the 20th day of October, 1862 at which time I think John Johnson was caught by the home guards, D--- those worthless wretches. On the night of the 21st we camped on Mulberry Creek, then on the 22nd we got to the Horsehead Creek, 8 miles west of Clarksville, here on dress parade we heard the orders read, that John Johnson would be shot on the 24th, so we passed Clarksville and arrived at the river about one o'clock on the 23rd and camped near Bettis Alston's turnip patch, consisting of about six or seven acres of the finest turnips I ever saw, but after we had stopped within one hour there was no appearance that a turnip patch had ever grown there. This was a very hot day for this time of the year and the river was full of soldiers that evening, but that night it blew up cool and two inches of snow fell, and on the evening of the 24th one hour by sun, John Johnson was shot, the brigade were drawn up in an old field just below Spadra's Landing. Johnson was brought out in a two mule wagon, followed by Captain Adkinson and a detail of twelve men. I will remember the dazzling brightness of their guns. Here the wagon was stopped and Captain Adkinson took a plank out of the wagon, set one end on the ground, the other leaned against the top edge of the wagon bed and poor doomed man, yet shackled, crawled down and The guard was then drawn up and formed, the victim turned facing the guard apparently undaunted and with as much fortitude as if he knew not what his fatal result were, faced the detail standing in position of a soldier without arms, looking at the twelve men without a quiver or change of fiber, as though all things were smooth and lovely. Captain Adkinson deliberately stepped up to Johnson, crossed his hands on his breast. Mr. Johnson shook his head and put his hands down, then the Captain took out his own pocket a white handkerchief and aimed on putting it over the eyes of the doomed man, but again he shook his head, then the Captain stepped to the side of the guard and commanded, ready, aim, fire and so they did and down went the poor unfortunate soul, a victim of rebel oppression and relenting outrages. Then the boys began to leave for home and go to the Federal Army. It was about this time that General Hindman reduced Colonel Fitz Williams our former Colonel to Lieutenant Colonel and appointed Charles A. Adams of Little Rock to command the regiment which contained over twelve hundred men. Soon after he took command, he threw the regiment into a hollow square and waltzed out into the center and made a detestable speech to the boys in denunciation of desertion and then I heard that old tartarlous blatherskite say that there was no man of patriotism or principle that would be guilty of

that damnable sin of desertion, and go to the relief of his starving wife and children at home. I will remember what one Mr. Smith said just then, (I D---the Confederacy) said he, and all the balance of the world. After my wife and children have starved to death, such was the remark by Mr. Smith which met the approval of nearly all the soldiers. At that time there was scarcely no salt to be had in that part of the army and the results was, the soldiers were dying with camp fluex by the hundreds. All this time preparations were being made for an attack on General Blunt and Herrin at Pea Ridge or Cain Hill as the Yankees called it. Our brigade Commanded by Brenet Brigadier General W.H. Brooks was ordered to the Mazzard Prairie, about ten miles east of Fort Smith and South of the Arkansas River, here we joined Tom Hindsmans entire army, consisting of about 3,400 men rank and file. Great preparations for immediate war continued to be made. Harrersacks were drawn by the thousands, a parched corn filled them and this was six days ration to the soldiers were furnished with to feast them while they marched to, and fought that eventful battle of Cain Hill about December 7, 1862.

You will please remember I was over the hill at the time about 7.5 miles away, and trying to get farther, doing what I had often sworn I would do if it ever came to the test where Jeff Davis actually was in need of help, and I had any chance to leave him, I would surely give him the dodge and so I did by traveling by paths and through the woods, I made it home safe, being 10 days going 125 miles. I stayed home until about the 10th of March, 1863 when a strange CSA scout came along and caught me, and aimed on carrying me off, but with the intervention of Captain John Cecil I was permitted to join Captain Mitchell's company then being recruited at Bellefontte about 12 miles away. Captain Cecil vouched for me performing my vow, so I went as I promised and joined the Company which was about full. I had been out in the Conscript army with these very men and they all knew me, so when the Company was organized the next year, I was called out from the ranks and elected Second Lieutenant of the Company. About two days after that I got permission to go home and get clothes and arrange things for my family, but when I got there everything was so badly scattered and torn up that I couldn't get them fixed to my notion, and besides all that in less than five months a scout of Federals run into Bellefontte and killed Captain Mitchell and squandered the Confederate army so I thought it useless to go back and I did not go, but rather preferred trying the old rail splitter in order to see what luck I would have.

I began talking with the boys, all I saw and talked with appeared to be ready to join the Union Army at the first opportunity. With this assurance I began recruiting a Company which afterwards became D - Company, second regiment, Arkansas Cavalry Volunteers, U.S.A. I obtained recruiting papers bearing date July the 19th, 1863. On one occassion I met with a terrible disaster. While I was recruiting said company which took place at or near Mud Town, Washington County, Arkansas on Sunday morning the 30th of August 1863 about nine or ten o'clock, the over whelming number of rebels, about five to one were concealed in the bushes about thirty yards from the road where we were passing. I had only 42 men, and very poorly

armed with just such guns as the County afforded, being principally old squirrel riffles and few shot guns. At the first fire from the brush they being about 180 in all, they killed and wounded only 8 men and killed and crippled about 17 horses. I was riding at the head of the column where the missiles were directed the thickest, there were 5 balls passed through my horse which killed him almost instantly. One ball clipped a piece out of the point of my nose, besides several balls passed through my clothes, doing me no material injury. The horse fell on my left leg while another stepped on my left hand from which I am partially maimed to this day. This made a precipitated retreat, while we occupied the ground and cared for the dead and wounded. The rebels got but two wounds as the smell of Yankee powder was very offensive.

After this little skirmish we moved on to Cassville, Missouri about fourty or fifty miles, where we remained a few days with part of the First Arkansas Cavalry and then went on to Springfield, Missouri. Here we met Lieutenant John E. Phelps. Then recruiting the Second Arkansas Cavalry volunteers. Where and when we joined his regiment, myself as a Brenet, Captain Rowland Hankins as First Lieutenant and S.R. Jones as Second Lieutenant of the Company. The Company had only about 40 men and as 60 more was necessary so I ventured back to Arkansas in order to recruit and fill the Company. This was a hazardous undertaking at that time, as the enemy completely held the entire country, especially all the north part of the state through which I was compelled to operate. The greater part of Newton County remained loyal to the Union and in this county is where I found my greatest safety. Newton County, Arkansas is a very mountainous part of the state. The roads run up and down the creeks and on whither (either) side is so steep a horse could scarcely climb. The Rebels had left these creeks which left only loyal people behind.

I invented a plan of horn telegraph, securing a cows horn for every house, which was never to be blown under any circumstances unless the rebels were coming, then the horn was to be blown, and then the next neighbor and so on until the news reached the head of the creek, being about 12 miles. By this strategy, the men could hide out in due time and the horses run to the brush. This invention proved to be a great benefit to the loyal citizens of the sacred old County of Newton.

During my sojourn in these mountains, a Rebel Colonel by the name of Nichols came in from Missouri and stopped at Marshall Prairie near my stomping ground, in order to rest up and recuperate both men and horses. He soon learned I was not far off, and sought and obtained a chance to notify me that I must surrender to him at once. In his little note he went on to say that if I was the man he thought I was, I certainly realized the fact that I could not evade a capture very long, and if I would surrender without further trouble, I should be treated as a prisoner of war and not in any way insulted or distrubed, but said he, if you resist and if I have to come after you, matters will not be well with you, for I aim to get you if I have to turn over every leaf in these mountains — to which I sent the following reply, Headquarters Camps in the Woods, November 23, 1863 Colonel Nichols C.S.A.

Your insulting letter of the 21st instant has been delivered by your courier, John M. Maddox. In reply to your request to answer, will say, I can not conceive propriety in communicating with the enemy as I am only Brenet Captain and you are a Confederate Colonel. Such being the case I will defer any further communications with you and conclusion will way, get at your leaf turning and see how you come out. Forced will try to turn over several of your men while you are at it, so dive in if you love it. I am very distressingly your greatest adversary. Signed P.H. Spears Brenet Captain D - Company 2nd Arkansas Cavalry Volunteer U.S.A. I suppose this was very satisfactory as I heard no more from him.

About the 8th of December afterwards I started out with about 20 recruits for Springfield, Missouri on order to have them mustered into service, arriving there about the 12th. Here I met Colonel Phelps as he alight off the stage. There being no railroad line further west than Rolla, 113 miles from Springfield. The Colonel greeted me with a hearty handshake and said, "Captain I have some bad news for you." "What is it", said I? "Well" said he, "did you ever know a man in Arkansas called Major Bennett?" to which I answered in the affirmative, well said the Colonel I am right from Major General Schofields headquarters at Saint Louis. While there he asked me if there was a man recruiting a company for my regiment by the name of Spears. I said there was. Are you, said the General, aiming to recommend him for he will not be commissioned, for I have been informed by Major Bennett that Spears has been an officer in the Rebel Army and you need not recommend him. The Colonel said his reply was that it looked hard for a man to be so cruelly treated after doing what you had done. I have, said the Colonel issued recruiting papers to 23 men and you have done more with less aid than any other man — said he — you have never called for a detail to go with you, while others have had the benefit of a detail, which has much to do with enlisting troops. He further said, it doesn't matter, I will do my part, and if you are rejected we can't help it. Well, said I, if that be the case, I will not allow you to recommend me, as it would likely cast a reproach on you and probably avail nothing, so I can be a good Private as well. Well, said the Colonel you shall be kept on detach services and go at will, when and where you please all this was done until the 15th of May 1864 when I reported to the Company for duty. This was one while we were camped at Clippers Mill about 6 miles above where Harrison now stands.

While at this place, on about the first of May, Lieutenant Jack Garner was ordered out with 80 men, 25 wagons (and can't make out the no. of miles looks like this 180) to bring in forage. We got as far as Buffalo about 25 miles and found the streams to full to cross. While there he learned old Colonel Jackman was on Richland Creek concealed in the brush awaiting the arrival of the forage train. Garner, thinking his passee to weak to cope with the Rebel Jackman went back to Colonel Phelps for more men, as a detail of men was almost instantly mounted, and Captain Rowland took charge and away they went. I said to Colonel you don't know things as well as I do, or you would send more men. I guess I know my business said he, so I walked

away. About dark the 10 men reached where Lieutenant Garner was and the next moring they crossed over at Richland Creek and moved on up it about 4 miles. Garner and the 40 men was on ahead a quarter or so from the wagons and the 40 infantry, when all at once old Jackman and his herd of bush-whackers sallied forth from their concealment, intervening Garners' forces, completely routing Garners who took flight up the creek. The rebels then turned back on the guard at the wagons, took what mules they wanted, killed the rest and burned the wagons like demons, then pronounced it a good one half days work and moved further up the creek. Our losses was 31 men, 20 wagons and 100 mules. Some of the boys made it into camps that night. Next morning Colonel Phelps started with about 150 men to try his luck.

Jackman had not left the Creek, and was camped behind the bank forming a splendid earth work for the business, but the intrepid Colonel with his eager fellows dashed up the bank pouring a sheet of fire and balls among them, which hastened a precipitate retreat with but little loss, after the battle the vanquished party took their exit for some more congenial locality where the embankment offered better protection and the Yankees never come.

We were jubilant over our victory but very sorry over Garners defeat 3 days before. As our forage train was lost in total and the whole country for 20 or 30 miles was devastated and laid to waste, and the only alternative was to pull up and return to Springfield, Missouri, we struck camps on the 17 of May. Camping and grassing our horses on the finest grass I have ever seen. We occassionally stopped a few days, not being in any great hurry as there was no Rebel forces in southwest Missouri to disturb our daily pleasures, and while we were leasurely stopping along, Lieutenant Colonel Cambron took a scout and went down east 50 or 75 miles reconnoitering along when a very hasty blatherskite fell in with us and began to spin off about shooting Feds with that gun he had, being a squirrel rifle, and if we were going up in Missouri he sure wanted to go with us, so he was told he could go. He continued telling how he made the Feds bit the dust with that gun.

I was really sorry to see how bad the poor fool was lying away his life, for I have often thought he was telling lies, thinking we were Rebels and knowing that kind of talk pleased their fancy. He carried his gun quiet a while until gas exhausted, then was disarmed and put under arrest, brought back to Camp Camron, 5 miles south of Forcythe, Missouri. Court-marshalled and shot on the 24th of May 1864. In a few days we went down to the river close to Forcythe where we remained a few days and went up on Blue Creek about 10 miles north of town just named. Here we remained until July, about the 15th when we went to near Ozark, Missouri where D Camp remained until about the 6th of September. When we moved to the old apple orchard 1½ miles southwest of Springfield, Missouri. We were there when our regiment was ordered out on the Price raid about one o'clock one night while the rain was falling in torrents. This was a trying time, but Sterlings in Flux in Missouri demanded a speedy hustle, which kept up for about 45 days, until Papa Price forded the river at Webber Falls, Indian Territory.

Here our regiment remained until about the 13th of December. When the regiment was ordered to Memphis, Tennessee, was there quite a while, and was ordered to La Grange 51 miles east of Memphis, where the regiment remained occassionally sporting old Bed Forest until the close of the War.

We were discharged on the 20th of August 1865. I with many others took a transport at Memphis, Tennessee on 23rd for Saint Louis, Missouri arriving on the 26th early in the morning. I got home 18 miles west of Springfield, Missouri on the 1st day of September, 1865. This was the happiest period of my life, the war was over, the Republican Party victorious, my family and people all well, and as yet alive, with much cause to rejoice.

Here I enjoyed a few days of recreation, and then rigged me up a cart and pair of cattle and pulled off for Arkansas to repair my old house.

On my arrival I found the floor stolen away and the roof badly damaged and the field fence burned up. This was a very disheartening aspect to behold, so I hired some help and went to work in earnest. I retook the floor from a near by neighbor and put it back and by the last of March, I had returned to Missouri and got my family and was enroute to Arkansas. Landing at my old home on the 14th of March 1866, I worked hard that summer and made a good crop of corn, and about September 1, I went back in the mountains and picked up about 20 head of hogs which I poured the corn to and that winter I sold $100.00 worth of pork and kept plenty for my own family. I lived close and daring and turned my attention to corn and hogs and in a few year I was up and coming as the saying is.

I kept right on for several years until I got sufficient money on hand to go into the pony business at Fort Smith, Arkansas. In this business I sure made good, fast money, until about the year 1868 at which time the Klu Klux or Anarchists killed and run all (or nearly all) the legal officers from home and those that would not run were ruthlessly killed. For instance let me relate a few outrages committed on Republican Officials of Pope County, Arkansas. The adjoining counties officers were filled by appointment of the Governor. Captain D. Napier was appointed Sheriff of Pope County. In a short time he was killed from the brush. Then Morris Williams was the next sheriff who was killed, then John William, the assessor was shot and killed. The Clerk, Mr. Hiccox was shamefully taken out of office in daylight and thrown out of the house in presence of about 30 men and instantly shot and killed him. Squire Brown who held an inquest over Clerk Hiccox was also killed.

Then Elisha Dodson was the next Sheriff, who was also killed, this being about the 15th or 20th of March 1873, and if there was any man indicted or arrested for any of these dastardly outrages I have never heard of it. There were other counties in the state where this kind of assassination was tolerated by those that ought to be of better cloth, but in order to give vent to their evil passions they did these hellish things.

There were but few outrages commited in the northwest part of the state except Pope County. The people really appeared to be more consistent and humane. The farther down in Dixie you went, the more hostile the Klu Klux Klan were and nothing but martial law would restrain them from committing murderous deeds, and the result was the Governor declared martial law in

several counties of dear old Arkansas.

Early December 1868 I took a complaint and responded to the call of the Governor and remained out until March 1869, after everything was quiet and peaceful and the Anarchists agreed to remain and help enforce the civil war and not kill any more civil officers as they had been doing. We were disbanded and sent home. I will admit there were some outrageous acts committed during that militia campaigns which was a shameful disgrade to the soldiery, but was unwarranted by the Governor and the principal part of the men, and what andacious acts were committed where I was, were done by men from Howell County, Missouri. Yet, Arkansas troops are unjustly censored with a proportional part of the delivery. In the latter part of January, 1869, I was sent by Colonel Watson with six pieces of companies to occupy a place about 20 miles below Marion, Crittendon County, Arkansas, called Jones Landing. Mr. Jones who lived there, was a wealthy old coon, and his place was denominated as Klu Klux headquarters of that section, so I got my orders from Colonel. Proceeded to occupy the place designated as slate. My orders were to take charge of his slate and barn, and see that nothing was left to same except what the family actually needed.

There were 2 dozen darkies on the place yet, that scarcely knew they were free. I put the darkies to cooking and everything appeared to be lovely for a while. I would let the old man pass the guard at the store door and go in and get anything he needed. One day the old fellow came down and said he wanted to go in the house, so we went in with him. He appeared nervous, at last he approached me wise and said, Captain I don't understand what all this means, and if you know I would be glad if you would tell me. I replied, my orders, given by Colonel Watson, were to occupy this place until relieved and receipt for everything we used, and not allow anything to be molested, taken or removed away, which I am on carrying out.

Jones then drew near me and said in a low tone (remember his store was on the bank of the Mississippi) you see, said he, the middle of that river is the line between Arkansas and Tennessee, and I have all of 50 thousand dollars worth of goods and groceries in these houses. If you will allow me to get a boat about midnight and put these goods and groceries across the line, you can assess a considerate sum off of me. I replied to him, Mr. Jones, said I, you can't do that, I am only looking to the State Government for my pay and whatever my orders are, that I will carry out. He then flew into a dreadful rage and remarked that he never voted since the war, and never intended to do so unless he could get to vote for a King. You D--- old devil said I, I have been sorry for you, but now I would see you in purgatory before I would symphathize with you to the amount of one cent. He then hustled off to his house near a hundred yards away, and locked up the smoke house and gave the darkies orders not to cook for us anymore, so when meal time came on there was nothing ready for dinner and when I asked what the trouble was, they said, Master locked up the meat house, and they couldn't get anything to cook. I then sent a Sergeant to tell Mr. Jones to come down, when he came, I ask him why he locked up his meat house and would not let the darkies have anything to cook for us? His reply was, it took so much that all would soon be gone. Now said I, such fellows as you caused us to be

put out here and if you don't open that door quick and put them darkies to cooking, you will find things badly torn up around here. He said I'll do that Captain - I'll do that, and so he did.

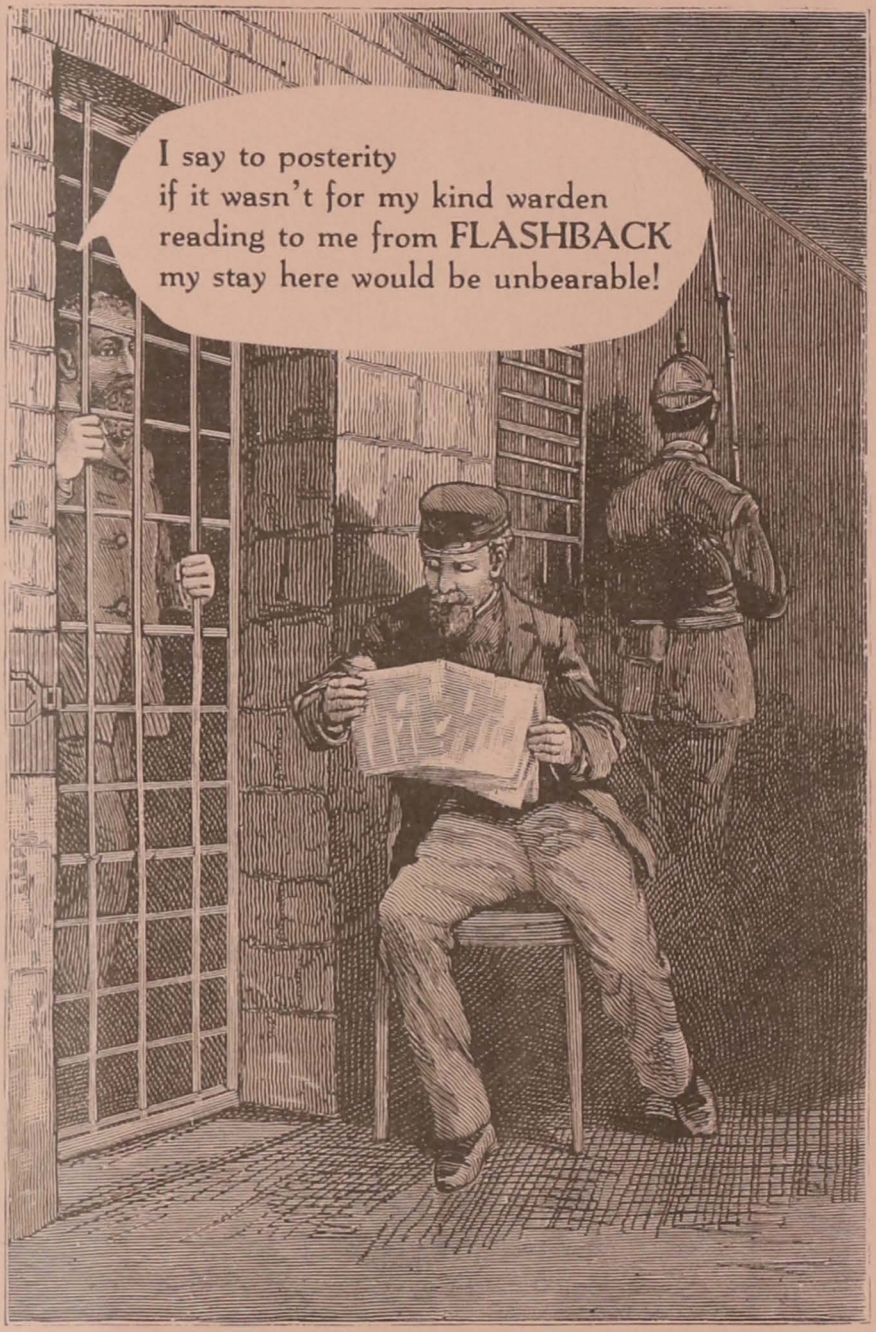
Within 5 or 6 days I was relieved by Lieutenant Mart Hensley of Searcy County. I and detachment returned to headquarters at Marion, Arkansas, then in a few days a detain was made, then I was called to headquarters to head the scout.

Just as I reported to the Colonel for orders, in came an excited darkie, and told of an outrage being done on a white family 4 miles out in the country by 3 darkies, so the purpose of that scout was instantly charged to that investigating this report. I was then ordered by the Colonel to go in haste with the informant to the place, and if matters were as reported, to leave them where I found them, but as I mounted my horse, the Colonel said to me, bring them for the purpose of making an example of them. I found them as reported.

The family consisted of husband, wife, and sister-in-law. The man was sitting on a wash block in the yard, and one darkie with a gun near by was guarding him, and the other two was in the house with the women.

The appearance of our charge frightened the darkie in the yard who hastily hollowed out cavalry — and ran in the house, so we dashed up to the door with drawn revolvers and ordered them out. They hesitated for a while and then came out with their guns ready to fire. One of them remarked, if you had been Klu Klux I be D--- if we would give up. Upon our examination we found their pockets and shirt bosoms full of all kind of trinkets, and a small piece of change from the house. Wishing to report with these captured outlaws, I at once carried them to headquarters where they were safely guarded, court-martialed, and shot at Marion, Crittenden County, Arkansas on January 19th 1869, at 3:30 p.m. About the same thing as the outrage just mentioned, was done by one Richard Reece a colored boy of the militia there in camp. The outrage was on a beautiful little girl nearby. She being scarcely years of age — he was also court-martialed and shot with the other 3 about the 24th of Feburary 1869. We were ordered to Jacksonport to be paid off and mustered out of service, which was done about the 16th of March. This necessitated our flight for home, which met our hearty approval. This was a remarkable epoch in the history of the down trodden state of Arkansas.

FOR FLASHBACK



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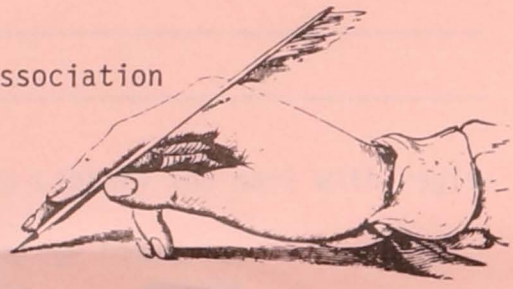

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